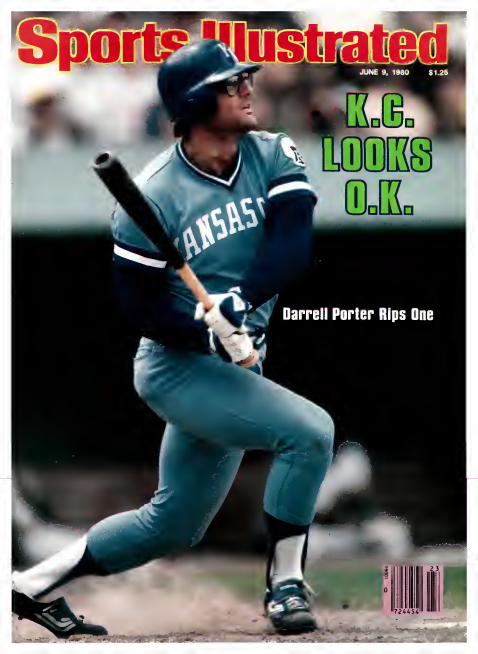


Sports Illustrated



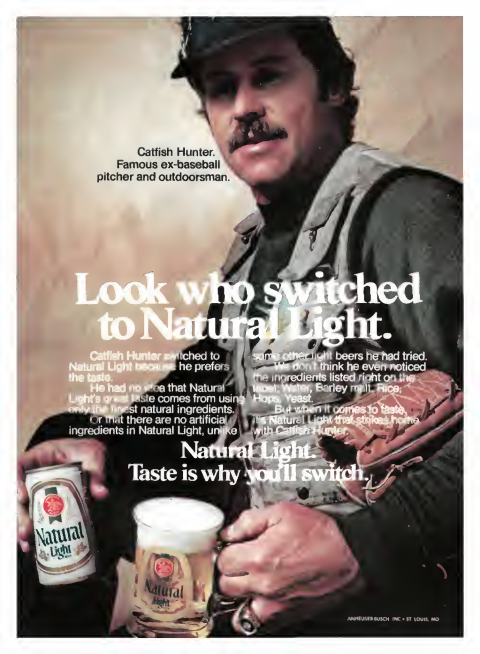
JUNE 9, 1980

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Darrell Porter Rips One





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100's.
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

HERE IS A GENUINE SIGNATURE-MODEL LINEUP OF 10 CLASSIC SPORTS BOOKS

One of the more imaginative projects in the checkered history of sports publishing has been undertaken by Jerome Holtzman, the respected baseball writer for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the author of a fine book on sports writing entitled *No Cheering in the Press Box*. Holtzman has turned himself into a publishing house, Holtzman Press, Inc., and has issued a 10-volume set of "Sports Classics."

The books are handsomely bound in blue, with red spines and gold lettering. Eight of the volumes are by living authors who have autographed their books—these are real signatures, not rubber-stamp facsimiles. (The two by deceased writers bear reproductions of their autographs.) And the selections, listed alphabetically by title, are first-rate: *Babe*, by Robert Creamer; *The Boys of Summer*, by Roger Kahn; *Eight Men Out*, by Eliot Ainsworth; *Farewell to Sport*, by Paul Gallico; *The Glory of Their Times*, by Lawrence Ritter; *Instant Replay*, by Jerry Kramer and Dick Schaap; *The Long Season*, by Jim Brosnan; *Paper Lion*, by George Plimpton; *The Sweet Science*, by A.J. Liebling; and *Vecek—as in Wreck*, by Bill Vecek and Ed Linn.

Obviously there's plenty of room for argument with Holtzman's choices—Where's Roger Angell? Where's Jimmy Cannon? Where's Ring Lardner?—but when you make choices, you ask for arguments. What's for sure is that all 10 of these books belong in the library of any literate sports fan and that Holtzman has made them available in a most attractive form.

He's done so on his own; no publishing conglomerate has underwritten his first printing of 5,000 copies of the full set. He's a self-described "binding freak" who admires a well-made book and who has decided that there's a market for good sports writing in good bindings. He has taken a considerable financial risk to prove the point.

Six of Holtzman's classics are about baseball, though he says he "took the best books regardless of the sports." Which only serves to reinforce what I've always contended: that baseball has attracted more good writing than any other American sport. The omission of fiction is rather glaring, but once again, Holtzman is entitled to his choices, and readers are entitled to accept or reject them.

For more information, contact Holtzman Press, 1225 Forest Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60202. The price of the set is \$139.50, plus \$5.50 for shipping, and the books cannot be purchased individually.

END

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SONY

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

THE UNDETERRED YANKS

Lord Killann, president of the International Olympic Committee, said last week that athletes from the U.S. and other boycotting countries might be permitted to take part in the Moscow Summer Games as individuals, a gambit meant to blunt the boycott's impact. But some Americans may compete in Moscow without special dispensation from the IOC—and despite President Carter's efforts to keep U.S. citizens away. They are Americans who, because they have dual citizenship, might qualify for the Games under the flags of other, non-boycotting countries.

University of Oregon pole-vaulter Tom Hintnaus, for example, is a citizen of both the U.S. and Brazil. He was born in Brazil, where his parents settled after fleeing their native Czechoslovakia in 1949, but grew up in the U.S. and became an American citizen when his parents did so. He has vaulted 18' 1/2", and because the national record in Brazil is only 15' 7", Brazilian Olympic officials were receptive when he expressed interest in representing their country in Moscow. But now there are indications that Brazil's foreign ministry may not want to risk offending the Carter Administration by giving him the necessary clearance to join the Brazilian team, and Hintnaus himself wonders whether he could compete in Moscow "with a clear conscience."

A more likely Moscow competitor is long jumper Billy Rea, who was born in Austria, where his father, a U.S. Army man, was stationed; his mother is Austrian. Rea placed fourth in the U.S. Olympic Trials in 1972, barely missing the third spot on the Munich-bound team, and has since graduated from the University of Pittsburgh and become a dentist. The 28-year-old Rea remains haunted by his near-miss in '72 and says he had been hoping to compete for Austria even before anybody dreamed the U.S. might boycott the Olympics. Rea has been virtually assured of a spot on

Austria's team by Olympic officials of that country, and two weeks ago in Knoxville, Tenn. he jumped 26' 7", one of the best performances in the world this year and more than a foot better than the Austrian national record. Rea is scheduled to leave for Europe next week to join his Austrian teammates.

There is always the possibility that other Americans will turn up unexpectedly in Moscow, just as Washington, D.C.-born, Dartmouth-educated hammer thrower Bill Dinneen did at Munich in '72, when track buffs were startled to see him competing as a member of Puerto Rico's team under the surname of Silen, the maiden name of his mother, a Puerto Rican. Which brings up the question of whether Puerto Rico, a U.S. commonwealth that fields a separate Olympic team, will send athletes to Moscow, as it is threatening to do in defiance of the White House and Puerto Rican Governor Carlos Romero Barceló. If it sends boxers and a full-strength basketball team, Puerto Rico would figure to have an outside chance of winning medals in both sports, as would Rea in his specialty. The mere suggestion that U.S. citizens could yet mount the awards stand at Moscow in the troubled summer of 1980 strikes a slightly surreal note.

SHORT TAKE

On the day after being knocked out in the fifth inning of a game last week against Cleveland, Jim Palmer was interviewed on the Today show about the revealing ads he appears in for Jockey underwear. That, notes Baltimore radio personality Larry Hall, gave the Oriole pitcher two brief appearances in as many days.

BREAK IN THE ACTION

One effect of the ever bigger salaries being lavished on baseball free agents is the discontent sown among players with less generous contracts. Among the disaffected is the Texas Rangers' Ferguson Jen-

kins, who beat Oakland 3-1 on a two-hitter the other night for his 250th career victory but failed to dress for a game the next day, demanding that the club sweeten his three-year, \$200,000-a-year contract, which runs through 1981. Jenkins returned after Texas Board Chairman Eddie Chiles agreed to discuss his grievance, but the club docked him a day's pay and refused to renegotiate his contract. Manager Pat Corrales said, "When you put your name down on a piece of paper, you make a deal. If you don't mean it, don't sign it."

But Jenkins pleaded extenuating circumstances. "When I signed this contract



[before the 1979 season], my attorney didn't get me the money I deserved," he said. "When you think about it, \$200,000 is just a drop in the bucket."

Next to, say, Nolan Ryan's million-dollar-a-year deal, Jenkins' salary is modest. And Corrales to the contrary, there's a long and honorable tradition of renegotiation in baseball; over the years owners have frequently torn up contracts and offered improved ones. Still, there is something unsettling about a player under contract walking out in a salary dispute during a season, especially one in which a strike has just been averted. Such an action seems to presage the sort of situation described in *The 80s: A Look Back*, a wacky, brisk-selling satirical history of, yes, the 1980s (it was released by Workman Publishing in August 1979). In a game played in 1982 a Yankee base runner, Gary (Stilts) Murchison, suddenly pulls up 30 feet short of home plate and demands a raise. As the ball is being chased down in the outfield, Stilts' agent and Yankee

continued

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Simply plug in The Controller™ and the BSR System X-10™ modules (no special wiring is needed), and you can control lights and appliances anywhere in the house by pressing a few buttons. So you've got control by remote control.

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5.7 Liter Diesel V-8

8' box with available, dual, 20-gallon fuel tanks—40 gallon total

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With available, 22-gallon fuel tank

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C1500 Pickup

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K1500 Pickup (4WD)

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A 6" woofer reproduced the bass with the intensity and power of real life. Yet distortion is virtually non-existent.

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Don't worry about installation, either...no sweat. The 6½" Coax I is at home in either your

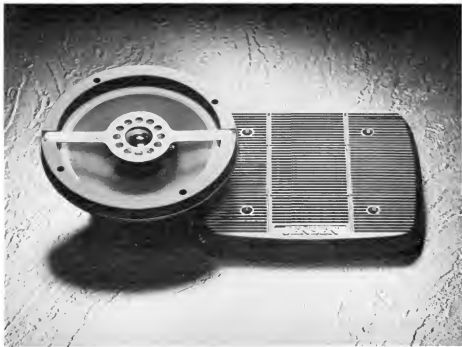


car's rear deck or up in the front doors. And with its remarkably shallow 1½" depth, this speaker fits in narrow sub-compact car doors that other speakers wouldn't even think about.

Get it all. Easy installation and foot-stomping musical realism in your car.

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attorneys rush onto the field and hammer out a new contract. The player, now satisfied, resumes running, sliding safely into home plate with his new contract clutched in his right hand.

Which, figuratively, is what Ferguson Jenkins is trying to do.

FOOT-DRAWING IN THE PAC-10

After Arizona State's academic-credit scandal broke last fall, the Pac-10 Conference ordered the Sun Devil football team to forfeit three conference victories and also declared the school ineligible for the 1981 Rose Bowl. Since then, transcript irregularities or other transgressions have been discovered at six additional Pac-10 schools: Southern Cal, UCLA, Arizona, Oregon, Oregon State and California. So what punishment will now be imposed on Arizona State's fellow sinners? Will the race for the Rose Bowl be reduced to Stanford, Washington and Washington State, the conference's three remaining schools?

Last week Pac-10 athletic directors and faculty representatives wound up their spring meeting in Bellevue, Wash. without recommending any penalty against any of the six. The official explanation was that the conference was awaiting completion of an investigation it was conducting. Oregon State faculty representative John R. Davis said the investigators had been hampered because they lack subpoena power, adding that disciplinary action by the presidents and chancellors of Pac-10 schools may be forthcoming in early August, just before the start of football practice.

Davis also said he hopes that expected grand-jury proceedings will produce evidence useful to conference investigators; last week a grand jury in Eugene indicted two former assistant basketball coaches at the University of Oregon, Mark Barwig and Ron Billingslea, on charges involving the pocketing of refunds for unused airline tickets purchased with Athletic Department funds.

There was speculation that in at least some of the pending cases, penalties ultimately agreed upon by the Pac-10 will be confined to declaring players implicated in transcript scandals ineligible for conference games, a punishment that had been meted out to Arizona State in addition to forfeiture of games and the Rose Bowl ban. It is no secret that Pac-10 officials are particularly reluctant to crack down on Southern Cal lest the NCAA,

which also is investigating Pac-10 improprieties—and which also cites the lack of subpoena power as an excuse for foot-dragging in such matters—feels obliged to bar that school, one of college football's biggest TV draws, from appearing on television. Reason for their reluctance: TV revenues from any game involving a Pac-10 team are shared by other conference teams.

AFTER STREAK, AFTERSHAVE

Baltimore Oriole Pitcher Scott McGregor stopped Ken Landreaux's hitting streak at 31 games Saturday, and now Bowie Kuhn is trying to stop the Minnesota outfielder, too. The baseball commissioner is unhappy that the makers of Aqua Velva aftershave lotion plan to give the ballplayer with the season's longest hitting streak a cash award totaling \$1,000 for every game it lasts. The award was introduced last year, much to Kuhn's distress, and Pete Rose won it by hitting safely in 23 straight games—for a \$23,000 payoff, which he gave to the Philly coaches. Assuming that Landreaux's streak, the longest in the American League since 1949, is not surpassed this season, he stands to pocket \$31,000.

According to Kuhn, however, there is a major league policy against ballplayers receiving cash performance bonuses. Tom Villante, the commissioner's marketing director, told *The Minneapolis Star's* Dan Stoneking last week, "Imagine a situation where a player on a streak came to bat where he had to move a runner into scoring position by giving himself up by making an out."

Villante's point is persuasive but has become muddled in the resulting dispute with Aqua Velva. Informed of the objections to direct payments to a player, Aqua Velva offered to give the prize money to a charity of the player's choice or the players' pension fund. But Kuhn preferred that the cash go to something like the Hall of Fame Foundation, which is run by the baseball Establishment. This makes him appear less interested in the dangers posed by performance bonuses than in getting the loot for baseball. As for Aqua Velva, it says that rather than accede to Kuhn's suggestion, it may simply go ahead and give the money to the winning player. Meanwhile, it is reaping more publicity from the controversy than it could possibly hope to from the award itself.

STEP RIGHT UP, PLEASE

It's time for the start of the big summer carnival season, which means, says Gene Sorrows, that it's also time to be extra careful. Sorrows is a former carnival game operator who tells of having billed a colonel in Atlanta out of \$2,700 in a carnival numbers game that had no winning number, a miner in West Virginia out of \$800 in a game in which he tossed rings at blocks too big for them to slip over and a soldier in Tennessee out of a good part of his \$7,000 savings in yet another midway con. But all that was before Sorrows was overcome by conscience and began traveling the country to warn against rigged carnival games, some of which, he says, have been infiltrated by organized crime. Last month he tipped police in Washington, D.C. to rigged games he said he observed at a neighborhood carnival. The ensuing raid resulted in the arrest of five operators and seizure of a number of games, including one in which stuffed cats were said to contain weights that prevented them from being knocked down when struck by a rubber ball.

The alleged rigging of carnival games has also caused concern in Kansas, where there have been reports of fairground officials receiving payoffs from midway operators. At last year's state fair in Hutchinson, agents of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation and local officials singled out several operators and gave each of them 50 chances to win at his own game; all failed. William T. Collins, a carnival industry lobbyist in Washington, insists that charges of dishonesty at carnivals are greatly exaggerated, but Kansas authorities believe otherwise. They say they intend to begin prosecuting offenders under a tough state law originally enacted to deal with point-shaving and other sports fixes.

THEY SAID IT

• Dr. Henry R. Winkler, University of Cincinnati president, who recently ended a much-publicized search by appointing Mike McGee as his school's athletic director: "I'm tempted to call a press conference and announce our new librarian, who is more important to the university."

• Ted Turner, predicting success for his 24-hour TV news network: "We're going to be on the air until the end of the world. Then we'll play *Nearer, My God, to Thee* and sign off."

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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 9, 1990





THE ROYALS ARE FLUSH

*Wardering maladies to such stars as George Brett (above),
Kansas City is now back in the clinics* by RON FIMRITE

CONTINUED

Any day now, the Kansas City Royals as we have come to know them will open their 1980 season. Oh sure, a team by that name has been playing this year and, against considerable odds, has been doing splendidly. In fact, at the end of last week, these facsimile Royals were in first place, 2½ games ahead of runner-up Oakland, in the American League West, even though K.C. had suffered a bad case of the blind staggers early in the week against Billy Martin's outrageous A's, who among other things stole home twice in one inning, before winning two of three games from the White Sox. But these are not the same Royals who, until last season, routinely won division championships with crisp hitting, imaginative base running and brilliant defense. Not once, for example, has new Manager Jim Frey been able to field a lineup that included four of his five top offensive players: George Brett, Darrell Porter, Amos Otis and Hal McRae. Much of the time Frey has been lucky to put as many as two of these worthies in action at the same time. Brett, Porter and McRae have appeared together only three times since Opening Day, and Otis and McRae have yet to be in the same lineup.

What has held this injury-and-illness-plagued team together in the trying first two months of the season is, fundamentally, character. The Royals do not exactly welcome adversity, but they regularly rise above it. With the stars mostly hors de combat, the battle has been joined by players who previously had been about as renowned as the fifth Marx Brother or the other two Rhythm Boys. Let's hear it, then, for John Wathan, Renie Martin and Dan Quisenberry. Wathan has been coaching in Porter's stead and hitting a cool .342. Martin emerged from bullpen obscurity to fill in for the injured Paul Splittorff in the pitching rotation and promptly won his first four starts. Quisenberry, a member of the Kent Tekalve School of Sidewinding, has had eight saves as the Royals' new ace reliever. Martin and Quisenberry are playing their first full major league seasons; Wathan had never been in the lineup longer than four successive days before this year, his fifth in the big leagues.

Willie Wilson and U.L. Washington, both of whom came out of hiding a year

ago, have also helped carry the load, often from opposite ends of the batting order. Wilson, the whippet leadoff man, is hitting .292, has scored 37 runs and has stolen 19 bases in 21 attempts. It nevertheless galls him that he is better known as a runner than a hitter, a reputation attributable to his 83 stolen bases in 1979. "People just don't seem to realize I hit .315 last year and I'm hitting around .300 now," he laments. Washington, assured at last of fulltime work at shortstop now that Fred Patek has departed for California, has been fielding solidly and hitting .281 while batting second and ninth. When Wilson and Washington are on the bases at the same time, which they frequently are, the Royals have half of a world-class relay team running for them.

The Royals had not yet completed their abbreviated spring training before the trouble started. Porter, who had his finest major league season in 1979—291 with 20 homers, 112 RBIs—left camp after only a week, pleading personal problems, which, he later disclosed, were alcohol and drug addiction. He underwent six weeks of treatment at The Meadows rehabilitation center in Wickenburg, Ariz. and rejoined the team on April 25. He pinch-hit on May 2 and began playing regularly as a designated hitter on May 4. Then a couple of weeks ago, Porter, who has high blood pressure, complained of chest pains and was briefly hospitalized for tests, which disclosed that he was suffering from nothing more serious than muscle spasms. Since his return from Arizona, Porter has hit .326 and driven in 27 runs in only 23 games, but his throwing arm has not been in "catching shape" and it may be another week before he can work regularly behind the plate.

Otis, the veteran centerfielder who through 1979 had hit 159 homers and stolen 294 bases in 10 years as a Royal, was the next to fall—and in a most unusual manner. When the Players Association staged its mini-strike during the last week of spring training, Otis decided to keep his eye sharp by practicing with a pitching machine. The machine, it develops, must have been designed by Sal Maglie. It fired a high hard one at Otis' head, and when he turned to avoid the mechanized dueler, the ball struck the little finger of his right hand, rupturing a tendon. Otis wasn't able to swing a bat again in a game until May 25.



Manager Frey is a Weaver disciple—obviously.

Unlike Otis and Porter, Brett was at least able to open the season, but he didn't last long. In an April 25 home game against Baltimore, he was on first base when Willie Aikens hit a one-hop ground ball to second. Brett had no chance of beating the force play and he was undecided about sliding. Finally, he executed what he describes as a "courtesy slide," which landed him rudely on his right heel, severely bruising it. For the next three weeks he was in and out of the lineup, finally returning fulltime on May 16. The heel is healthy again, and Brett's average, .301 as of last Sunday, is almost up where it should be, much to his satisfaction. "I was hitting about .240 this time last year," he cheerfully points out, "then I caught fire and they never put me out." Indeed, he finished with a .329 average, 119 runs, 107 RBIs, 23 homers and a league-leading 212 hits and 20 triples.

McRae, who had hit .294 in his seven previous years as a Royal, went down on May 12 with a torn left calf muscle, suffered while dodging a line drive hit by Porter. He is expected to return by this weekend or early next week. Splittorff, who won 15 games last year and has won as many as 20 in other seasons, was warming up in the bullpen before a start on May 13 when he crumpled in pain from back spasms. He didn't pitch again until May 26, working two scoreless innings in relief against the A's.

The sick, sore and lame are slowly returning to the fold, which is cheering news for Frey, who hasn't been managing the team he thought he would be

when he accepted the K.C. job. "In about 10 days we'll have the ball club we were going to open with," Frey said last week. In the meantime, he hasn't done badly with the one fate willed him, a tribute to his own capacity for grace under pressure. As with most of the players who have come through for him so pluckily this year, Frey had a long wait before getting his chance at a big job in the big time. He never played a day in the major leagues, a putative shortcoming that such celebrated bushers as Earl Weaver and John McNamara have converted into virtually a prerequisite for managerial success. In spring training, Frey, formerly a member of Weavers' coaching staff in Baltimore, prophetically advised his players that every one of them would have an opportunity to play, that the Royals would win or lose as a team.

Wathan, the Porter fill-in, took Frey at his word. "I think it helped me to have a new manager who wouldn't stereotype me," says Wathan, who, in his checkered past, has been a first baseman and outfielder as well as a catcher. He is a thoughtful, pleasant man who had bristled inwardly at past slights. "A lot of people told me I'd never play in the big leagues," he says. "Then I was tabbed as someone who couldn't play every day. It was said I couldn't hit righthand pitching. I had a reputation that could've lasted my whole career. But we had such a good team, how could I complain?" Wathan began the year starting only against lefthand pitching, but when he got six hits in two early games—four off a lefthander, two off a righthander—Frey decided to go with him all the time. He quickly became the Royals' leading hitter, and one of his most ardent supporters is Porter.

"It would be kind of ridiculous to stick me in there too soon with Wathan doing such a great job," Porter said last week. "He's not only hit well, he's done all the other things. I don't mind being a DH. When my arm isn't strong, catching is the last thing I want to do."

When Porter returned from The Meadows, he delivered a prepared speech in the clubhouse to his teammates and the press, hoping that by making a clean breast of his past troubles he might stave off a media blitz. Fat chance. He is now the most interviewed man on the Royals, despite the futile efforts of some teammates, particularly First Baseman

Pete LaCock, to shield him from public scrutiny. "He has good days and bad days," LaCock says of the aftereffects of his friend's ordeal. But Porter insists that talking publicly about his problems has been good for him. "All the attention has helped me a lot," he says. "The fact that I can talk about what happened is very important in my therapy. There is a magic in words. I was a very dishonest person before—with my feelings and my attitudes. I was a phony. I was trying to be what people expected a ballplayer to be. I was not being Darrell Porter. I ran away from reality and hid in drugs and alcohol. I was incapable of handling emotional pain. It started when I first began playing professionally. I was lonely, and for the first time in my life, I was failing in athletics. I found a way to escape. I went out and got drunk. It's such a subtle disease..."

When Porter returns to catching full-time (at which point Wathan will stay in the lineup, as a first baseman, rightfielder or DH), he'll have the advantage of

working with Qusenberry, who will save him the mental stress of calling pitches, because, basically, Qusenberry throws only one, a "sub-sidearm sinker." "Wathan and I have a little joke," says Qusenberry, a pleasant 26-year-old with a strawberry-blond mustache. "He tells me after a game, 'Way to mix 'em up,' and I tell him, 'Way to call 'em.'" Qusenberry was introduced to his role model, Pittsburgh's Tekulve, during spring training, and the two sidearmers discussed their exotic pitch as if it were a scientific instrument. "He showed me the mechanics of throwing his sinker and convinced me it was better than mine," Qusenberry says. As a result, Qusenberry began bending even closer to the ground before releasing the ball. "The lower one gets," he explains, "the more rotation [the act of turning the palm downward] occurs and the more the ball sinks." Whatever, it works.

In fact, that might be said of the whole club. Just about whatever Kansas City has done this season has worked. **END**

Wathan has risen to the heights as a backup catcher, but here he can't block the A's Mitchell Page



OUT OF THE SWING OF THINGS

Somehow Nancy Lopez-Melton slipped out of the groove, and a lot of folks—but not her rivals—hope she gets back in

by JOHN PAPANEK

Lose a golf ball, take a fresh one from your bag. Break a club, replace it. Make a triple bogey, forget it. But lose a swing—lose a swing and pluck your eyes from their sockets, tear flesh from your wrists, hit your head against a wall and don't think about sleep until the blasted thing comes back. Especially if that little golf swing earned you nearly \$500,000 in three years and brought an entire sport right to its knees.

Play has never been held up while everyone went into the woods to search for a golfer's lost swing, but that could happen to women's golf if Nancy Lopez-Melton doesn't find hers soon. That is how important this 23-year-old superstar is to her sport. Donna Caponi Young may be the hottest player on the LPGA tour this year, the wonderfully craggy JoAnne Carner may be playing like the Great Gundy again, and young Amy Alcott may be everybody's girl next door, but none of them can do what Lopez-Melton can: attract free-spending sponsors, huge crowds and the interest of the people who decide what gets on television. This is because no other woman can play the kind of dazzling golf Lopez-Melton can. That is, when she has her swing.

With her swing she has won just about every tournament in her sights from the time she was nine years old. In her first 2½ seasons as a professional, she won 17 of the 50 tournaments she entered—that's batting an astounding .340—and she stayed consistently atop the money-winning list.

Even without her swing—or, rather, with that other swing she has somehow created this year—she hasn't fallen off that badly. She is still fourth on the money list and has won one of 11 tournaments. But along the way she lost her confidence and alerted her com-

The follow-through on Lopez-Melton's swing looks good, but her flat backswing is causing trouble.

petitors—boy, are they happy!—that she can be beaten.

The original unorthodox swing was as much a Lopez trademark as the liquid eyes and bright, beaming smile. From a motionless stance over her teed-up ball, she would raise her hands and arms a few inches to clear her rather bosomy chest. Then, almost in slow motion, she would take the club back and up, twisting her torso until her arms were stretched high over her head. There she would stop and gather her power. Her downswing was enormous, and the ball would rocket off the tee straight and high and long, longer than any other woman could consistently hit it—and many of the men. This January, when she returned to the tour after a two-month lay-off dedicated to discovering the joys of young married life with her husband, Cincinnati sportscaster Tim Melton, she forgot to bring that swing with her.

After a rocky start she managed to win the women's Kemper Open in Costa Mesa, Calif. at the end of March, but could do no better than seventh in her next three outings. Then in mid-May, at the Coca-Cola Classic in Clifton, N.J., disaster struck. She shot a second-round 83—her worst round, she said, "since I was young." Reminded that she is still young, she said, "Well, since I was a kid. A pudgy, grumpy kid." A fearful call went out to her daddy, Domingo, the man who taught her the game, in Roswell, N. Mex.

She took a week off to practice, but last week you could see that the signature Lopez swing was still missing when the tour stopped at Wylagyl C.C. in New Rochelle, N.Y. for the Golden Lights Championship, of which Lopez-Melton was the defending champion. Her swing in the first two rounds was flat; there was no upraising of the hands; the arms were down across her chest almost as in a baseball swing. Her galleries—Nancy's Navy—were still the largest, but her fans were rooting for pars rather than birdies as she went 75-75, six-over and eight strokes out of the lead. Her smiles were forced, the signing of autographs a burden.

Lopez-Melton hit buckets of balls after Friday's round as her father looked on. Then she worked on the putting green for half an hour. Her caddy, shaggy-haired Roscoe Jones, sat on her bag sucking a beer. "How's the swing?" he said. "It's

terrible. Flat. Better now than it was, but not much. It's probably my fault. I feel responsible for the way she's playing. I let her get away with it. I saw as soon as she came out this year that the swing was messed up, but she did O.K. so I kept quiet. But it was flat. She wasn't turning, her chest was getting in the way."

Domingo Lopez told his daughter, "Leave the swing the way it is for the rest of the tournament. You playing all right, Nancy, don't do nothing now. Wait until you are off the course."

On Saturday, Domingo walked in Nancy's gallery as she got two birdies on the front nine. "She playing good," he said, eyes twinkling. "She not swinging like she used to, but she using it good. You should have seen her before, hitting to the left, duck-hooking, oh..." He slapped himself in the face. "After her 83 she call me very upset and said, 'Daddy, do you know my score?' I say, 'Yeah.' She say, 'I don't know what to do.' I say, 'You're a flat swinger now. You no turning enough to get the hands up. That's why you go to the left.' She say, 'I want you to come up to Cincinnati and help.' I say, 'Oh, oh...'"

The good-looking round she was in the process of putting together Saturday fooled none of her regular entourage. Her husband followed along, talking about her problems. "I thought her swing was starting to get away at the end of last year, but she was still winning," he said. "I would mention it or Roscoe would, but she'd just kind of shake it off. It was like she did not want to admit she was in trouble."

When Lopez-Melton's 15-footer for a birdie on 13 stopped, hanging over the lip of the cup, Melton cackled. A woman turned and burned him with an ugly glare. "That's my wife, ma'am," he said. The woman looked skeptical.

When she birdied 15 and 16 with long putts, Melton said, "Everything I just got finished saying? About Nancy's problems? Forget it."

And then Lopez-Melton got a four on the par-5 18th, her sixth birdie of the day, for a 66, the second-best score of her professional career. She finished Saturday just two strokes off the lead and had to fight her way through well-wishers and autograph hounds for two hours until she finally got into a car to leave the club.

Despite the marvelous round, the loss of swing still bothered her. "I picked up bad habits," she said at her motel. "I didn't just all of a sudden drop my hands real low. I was probably doing it gradually and not realizing it. Finally it got so flat it was difficult for me to get around to the ball. That 83—I just couldn't hit the ball at all that day. Today I hit it better."

"I have mixed feelings about today. I can't feel excited for some reason. Just because I shot a 66, it doesn't mean anything. There are no guarantees that I'll do it tomorrow."

She didn't, though she might have. An early birdie had Lopez-Melton tied for the lead until the 10th hole, where she hit the first of only two bad shots on the day. Both of them resulted in bogeys. And birdie putts that fell on Saturday missed on Sunday. She shot a 73 for a one-over 289 and finished tied for second with Jo Ann Washam, two strokes behind the winner, Beth Daniel.

Lopez-Melton called her round "a good 73" and heaved an audible sigh of relief. "I feel like I have my confidence back," she said. "A little more work on my swing and I might make it." Home she went with her men, Tim and Daddy Domingo, to hit balls at the Jack Nicklaus Golf Center in Mason, Ohio, which just happens to be her backyard. It also happens to be the site of this week's LPGA Championship, a crown Jan. condessa of golf would surely like to win for a second time.



Daddy Domingo flew east after a call for help.

A SCANDAL THAT JUST GETS WORSE AND WORSE

With two indictments on 53 counts in, the New Mexico basketball probe goes on. Gambling is a pending issue

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



Late last November the U.S. Attorney's office in Albuquerque released a transcript of a tapped telephone conversation between Norm Ellenberger, the basketball coach at the University of New Mexico, and one of his assistants, Manny Goldstein. Goldstein and Ellenberger were overheard discussing paying off a junior-college official in Oxnard, Calif. to obtain a forged transcript for Guard Craig Gilbert, whom they were trying to keep eligible for the 1979-80 season.

But the phone tap was just the beginning. Soon, New Mexico found itself engulfed in a mushrooming scandal involving the manipulation of athletes' grades, a scandal that all but wiped out the UNM basketball team, forcing it to declare six players, including Gilbert, ineligible and to suspend a seventh.

By February, Ellenberger and a former assistant, John Whisenant, who had quit the New Mexico coaching staff after the 1978-79 season to become a realtor, had been indicted by a federal grand jury on mail-fraud charges; Ellenberger also was charged with one count of interstate travel in the aid of racketeering. But investigators had uncovered

much more than alleged fraudulent behavior connected with keeping athletes eligible. Two weeks ago, a state grand jury, which had been conducting its own probe of the New Mexico mess, handed down an indictment charging Ellenberger with 22 counts of fraud and filing false public vouchers. Whisenant was hit with 12 counts on the same charges and Goldstein eight.

And the authorities, both federal and state, are still digging. Investigators are now exploring activities involving gambling and the illegal use of drugs. Although no indictments concerning betting and narcotics have been returned, probes are continuing into the following:

- Whether there was a relationship between Ellenberger and Whisenant and a group of well-known local gamblers. Whether these gamblers sometimes traveled with the team.

- Did Ellenberger and Whisenant bet? How much and how often and on what sports, and were they heavily in debt to bookmakers?

- Whether there was a relationship between the gamblers and some New Mexico players, who reportedly received cash

gifts for good performances, and whether the gamblers helped the university recruit by paying \$1,000 cash bonuses to prospective players.

- The possibility of fixed games.
- Whether any of the gamblers who hung around the New Mexico team had organized crime ties in Las Vegas.
- Whether there was overt use of cocaine in the New Mexico locker room and whether a local politician helped supply some Lobo players with drugs.

According to Whisenant, it was no secret that gamblers associated with the players and coaches. In fact, he readily admits that he numbers gamblers among his friends. "I play golf with them," he says. Asked if he discussed New Mexico basketball with them while out on the course, Whisenant says, "I talk with them about everything."

A steady flow of money reportedly went from the gamblers to some players—\$100 for a good game, \$20 for a successful free throw or a rebound, that sort of thing. Any player who wanted walking-around money only had to ask a gambler and he'd rarely have trouble finding someone to hit up, because there were



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL HAYAKAWA

Ellenberger, who pleaded not guilty to a 22 count state indictment, also faces trial in federal court

nearly 20 gamblers who were regulars in the New Mexico encourage.

At one point, Whisenant admits, he was embarrassed by what was happening. "Some of them [players]," he says, "were like alley cats coming around to get something to eat. I heard they would go out and put the touch on five boosters or gamblers and end up with \$100 or more in a short time. I tried to stop it by telling those guys not to give money to players unless I okayed it as a legitimate expense—like the dentist."

The state indictment—21 counts for submitting false travel vouchers to the university, the other count for intentionally misappropriating \$3,000 in booster club funds—charges that Ellenberger, once the big hero of Lobo basketball, pocketed more than \$7,000 from the university in an 18-month period starting in April of 1978 and ending last October. The indictment further alleges that he filed for and received reimbursement for fictitious trips and that he double-billed the school for travel to basketball clinics even though his expenses were covered by Medalist Industries, Inc., a company which manufactures consumer athletic

(CONTINUED)



It was Goldstein's call to Ellenberger, overheard on a wiretap, that led to the Lobos' downfall

products. The indictment charges that Ellenberger even managed to cheat both the Lobos' booster club and Charles Harrison, an assistant coach he hired last spring. Ellenberger allegedly told the club that he needed \$4,000—in addition to the sum already allocated by the athletic department for Harrison's salary. The boosters gave Ellenberger a check for \$4,000 made out to Harrison, and Ellenberger then told Harrison the club would pay him a \$1,000 bonus for accepting the assistant's job. The other \$3,000, Ellenberger said, was for himself. Harrison cashed the check and gave his new boss the three grand, according to the indictment. If convicted on all state counts, Ellenberger could get as many as 35 years in prison or be fined as much as \$110,000, or both. The state's proceedings will follow the federal trial, which begins June 16.

When Ellenberger was at New Mexico, the Lobos ran up a 134-62 record

in seven seasons, won two WAC championships and played in four postseason tournaments. Sellout crowds packed the 17,121-seat field house known as "The Pit." Among the large number of fans were a lot of gamblers.

Some bettors also were invited to parties Ellenberger threw. A guest at the Christmas party Ellenberger held at his residence in 1977 claims that someone laid out cocaine on a coffee table in the coach's living room. The same guest also says he saw some players snort cocaine in the Lobos' locker room after a game. Investigators are now checking on an Albuquerque politician who allegedly supplied the coke to players. Other players smoked marijuana regularly.

Gamblers have reportedly told investigators that Ellenberger and Whisenant bet regularly on football games. The gamblers didn't know about basketball but said that if the coaches had been betting on hoops, they probably would have used "beards" (front men), so as not to panic bookmakers into taking a game off the boards. Ellenberger's football bets, the gamblers claim, sometimes surpassed \$700 a week, and one of his gambling debts ran to more than \$4,000. Whisenant was more conservative, limiting himself to bets of about \$100 a week. Ellenberger's and Whisenant's gambling was so blatant that some university authorities were aware of it. "It was an open secret that Ellenberger and Whisenant were betting on football," a former member of the Athletic Department says. "We heard about it when Ellenberger was slow to pay a bookie and a couple of boosters came up with the cash to square the debt. But Norm stuffed the boosters. Then the word really got around."

Asked about his betting, Ellenberger says, "I'm not a gambler." He also denies that there was any cocaine at his Christmas party. Indeed, Ellenberger takes the view that he has been "exonerated" of gambling or narcotics charges, because the federal grand jury hasn't indicted him on those grounds but for mail fraud. "That stuff about drugs and gambling and all is old hat," he says. "There's nothing new about it. It's all been before the grand jury. The FBI has explored everything about me, and I've been exonerated." Asked exactly how his exonerations came about, Ellenberger says, "You don't see anything about those



An alleged gambler had a half-house space

things in the indictment against me, do you? Well, that means I'm clean. That stuff is all — anyway I don't know anything about cocaine. I wasn't aware that anyone on the team was using it."

Federal investigators have given no hint, publicly or privately, of any such exonerations. In fact, they say that the investigation has been intensified. And Ellenberger, interviewed recently at his home, even said, "The FBI and the grand jury are all around—in the trees, everywhere. I'll bet they're watching us now."

And last week a former member of the State Attorney General's staff, James Blackmer, now with the U.S. Attorney's office in Albuquerque, testified during a hearing on a defense motion to suppress information gathered from a telephone wiretap, that Ellenberger was heard placing a bet last Nov. 10 with Dr. Lee Farris, an alleged Albuquerque gambler. Earlier that day Albuquerque police had recorded a call from Farris' phone to Ellenberger's home during which a list of six college football teams playing that day was read.

Farris, a retired gynecologist, is one of Ellenberger's pals. In fact, he has a reserved parking spot outside the New Mexico field house. It was a tap on his phone that led to the disclosure of the transcript manipulation. His house had



Harrison was allegedly shortchanged \$3,000

been one of several places searched by police last fall, and his phone had been tapped during an investigation by the New Mexico Organized Crime Strike Force, a team of Justice Department attorneys and FBI agents, and the Albuquerque police, all of whom were probing gambling operations.

In contrast to Ellenberger, Whisenant candidly admits that he bet regularly with bookmakers on college and pro football. He acknowledges that the gamblers were correct in estimating that his wagers didn't exceed \$100 a week. Whisenant is more cautious when asked if he knew that Ellenberger had been betting. He says that he and Ellenberger had "talked about it." He doesn't take Ellenberger's rosy view of the intensified federal investigation. "The prosecution is trying to show the use of cocaine, betting and point shaving by players and coaches," he says.

At least three New Mexico basketball games are under scrutiny. The main one is the 90-85 upset loss to Cal State Fullerton in the first round of the 1978 NCAA tournament. The Lobos were favored to win the game, played at Tempe, Ariz., by 12 points. Michael Cooper, now with the L.A. Lakers, played that day for the Lobos and is suspicious of Ellenberger's coaching.

"The substitution was kind of funny," Cooper says. "Me and Marv Johnson were the leading scorers on the team, and between us we only got four points in the second half of that game. I figured at the time, Norm didn't think we were playing up to our potential, although he never said anything. He had us in and out, in and out, like a yo-yo thing. I'd go in, he'd yank me out. Same with Marv. It was like he didn't want us to get warm."

"And then there was Jimmy Allen [the starting center]. The first 10 minutes of the game he was dominating. The next thing I knew I was sitting on the bench right next to him."

"After the game he [Norm] didn't feel nothing, and that was strange, too," Cooper continues. "We were 13-1 in the conference, and when we lost to Utah—after we had the thing all wrapped up—he was in tears. After the Cal Fullerton game he gave us the long story, but I could tell he didn't feel nothing. I mean so many things about it were funny. If we had beaten them, we would have come home

and played the next two rounds of the tournament at our place. In a sense I was looking just Fullerton all the way to the final four. Then you hear that you have been sold out like that. That's a hard way to go down. Well, not sold out, but cheated, you might say."

Asked about Cooper's comments, Ellenberger says, "I don't believe Cooper said that, at least not in that context." Whisenant says, "I can't believe Cooper said those things." He says New Mexico lost because he and Ellenberger "underestimated" Cal Fullerton. That and "bad" performances by Cooper and other players lost the game.

Two other Lobos games are under suspicion:

The 78-58 loss to San Diego State on Jan. 2, 1976. A former university official describes the play of one of New Mexico's stars as having been "atrocious," adding that there was no explanation why the player was "so bad."

The Feb. 23, 1977 game with Utah at Salt Lake City, during which Ellenberger ordered the favored Lobos into a 10-minute slowdown and which they lost 94-84. "All of us were stunned," says the former New Mexico official. "Norm said he was 'controlling the tempo' of the game, but that seemed like —."

As for the transcripts, Ellenberger, Whisenant and Goldstein were not the only ones working that scam. Other athletes at the school attained eligibility with fake transcripts. One investigator estimates that the "credits of two-thirds of the football players are questionable."

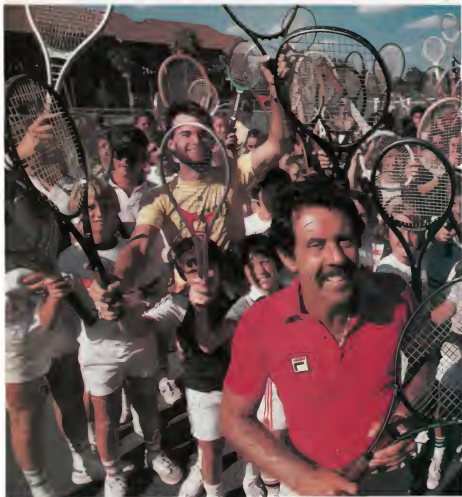
Whisenant says some top administrators at the university must have known full well what was going on. "We had to get the players," he says. "If you don't get them, you're fired because you don't win." The indictments handed down so far are unfair, Whisenant claims, because, in his opinion, "We're indicted for what every coach is doing."

END



Whisenant with son Justin says gamblers regularly supplied money to New Mexico players

**HE'LL MAKE
YOUR CHILD
A CHAMP**



by **BARRY McDERMOTT**
But it won't be much fun. All Nick Bollettieri wants of his pupils is that they leave their parents, lead a spartan life and give him blood, sweat and tears

Nick Bollettieri likes to call himself the Michelangelo of Tennis, to impart the notion that he is an artistic genius who carefully molds youngsters into superb players. That might make for a nice image, but it's way off. To understand how Bollettieri teaches kids, it is important to know that he's a former para-

trooper, and that what he turns out on the court are little troopers, once-dear children transformed into steely-eyed tennis fanatics who scowl across the net. This is called producing champions.

Bollettieri does it as well as anyone. As the director of the Nick Bollettieri Tennis Academy at the Colony Beach and Tennis Resort in Longboat Key, Fla., just outside Sarasota, he heads a program that in a few years may prove to be the spawning ground of the game's foremost players. Nearly 100 teenagers from around the world are at the academy 9½ months a year, embracing a rigorous discipline, displaying an ascetic devotion. They attend local schools during the mornings, then grab a sandwich and change into tennis clothes for a long afternoon of boot camp training, in which demerits are handed out for missing a shot and resting without permission.

The academy is, in effect, a tennis factory. And Bollettieri is the foreman, a controversial figure whose bizarre training methods are well known and often discussed in living rooms across America where there is a collection of junior tennis trophies on the mantel. Last year Bollettieri's machine dominated the world's top junior and 21-and-under events, winning 17 titles. This year he wants more, and so far his plant is producing ahead of schedule.

Bollettieri is a perfectionist who denies his students the simplest pleasures. At their living quarters, lights go out at 10 p.m., and the students are not allowed to watch television on weekdays. On the court, Bollettieri gets mad if the kids twirl their rackets or if they take too long picking up practice balls. He says the easiest part of his job is on the lesson court,

continued

As in so many class pictures, there are smiles all around, but they disappear when practice begins





BOLLETTIERI *concealed*

where if a youngster doesn't heed directives he can make the kid run on the beach and afterward deny him water. Bollettieri's hardest task: breaking the bond between child and parent.

Bollettieri calls it "getting with the program," and you are either with the program or out of it. Tuition is \$1,100 monthly; there is a waiting list, and the occasional malcontents are weeded out and discarded like dead tennis balls. The students live in a former motel in nearby Bradenton that has been converted into a spartan dormitory, and every so often they are bundled off to the public library so counselors can tear apart their living quarters in search of things as innocuous as cupcakes. On weekdays, junk food is as verboten as TV watching and tearful phone calls to parents.

If this is beginning to sound like a minimum security tennis correctional camp, well, it is. One of Bollettieri's heroes is the late Vince Lombardi, who uttered the line: "Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing." That phrase could be the academy's motto.

Over the years, the 48-year-old Bollettieri has been a big winner, but he has been a loser, too. Four years ago he was out of work and had to borrow a car to drive from Fort Lauderdale to Sarasota to look for a job. Says Julio Moros, his



Bollettieri's kids attend local schools, but there are signs that they can't wait to get back to the fun part

chief administrator, "All we had when we started was Nick's name, and it was not a big name."

When Bollettieri became the Colony's Director of Tennis, he invited a top junior, Anne White of Charleston, W. Va., to live and train with him. Others followed and the idea mushroomed. Now among the academy's students are a fair sampling of the world's top juniors, including Kathleen Horvath, who last fall, at 14, was the youngest female ever to play in the U.S. Open; 15-year-old Jimmy Arias, the youngest player ever ranked on the ATP's computer, who's thought by some experts to be the best junior prospect in the country; and Carling Bassett, 12 years old and a millionaire's daughter, the offspring of John Bassett, the Canadian industrialist and sports entrepreneur. Because of their considerable skills, this triumvirate lives in Bollettieri's house, where he can maintain an around-the-clock vigil and foster an unrelenting commitment.

Bollettieri's students are training for only a handful of years ahead—the length of a player's career in this sport. They are there only to get better, to improve their rankings and their games. "The only reason I came down here is for tennis," says 14-year-old Chris Conk. "I don't really care about anything else, such as girls or cars or television. I have my radio and my tennis. That's enough." Conk is a typical Bollettieri student: a good player at the state level who aspires to be great. He's from Richmond, where he had a reputation as a kid who loved to practice and train. "It's perfect for me here," Conk says. "At home I com-

plained I didn't get to play enough. Here I play as much as I want."

Between unknowns like Conk and the phenoms like Arias and Horvath, Bollettieri has some mere stars: Paul Annacone, the top 16-year-old in the East; Pam Casale, the winner of the 1980 Orange Bowl 16s; Junior Gonzales, the third-ranked 16-year-old in Puerto Rico; and Eric Korita, a massive kid—6'4", 220 pounds—from Glenview, Ill., who could turn out better than anyone. What Bollettieri does for such talented players is provide an environment, an intensity of discipline and competition, in which the best will reach their full potential; on an average weekend the academy's round-robin tournament has a better field than most junior tournaments. Last year Bollettieri's kids beat the University of Florida men's team 9-0.

And so the students' games burgeon. Horvath's serve has become a weapon; Casale's backhand is more consistent; Arias is learning how to volley. And with each bit of progress, Bollettieri's stature rises, because, as he says, "You have to have credentials." His certification is out there on the courts; his live-in program is the only one of its kind in the world, such a success that the likes of Robert Lansdorp, Tracy Austin's coach, would love to copy it. Consequently, others rush to get with the program. Bollettieri points out that Louis Marx, of the toy company family, sponsors Arias; coffee heiress Ann Folger helps sponsor Horvath; and John Bassett has bought a large school bus for student transportation. Lars Ulrich, the son of Danish professional Torben, is one of the pupils, and WCT Ex-



of the day, which means rigorous calisthenics on the beach under a hot sun and a chance to have Nick himself offer up a few well-chosen words of advice



ecutive Director Mike Davies, a former tournament player himself, has a son there, too.

And Bollettieri is brusque to all of them, parents, sponsors, players. If being a good coach means being tough, then he is excellent. Once he observed Arias miss a shot and, in disgust, tap his racket on the ground. Bollettieri sprinted over, snatched the racket and yelled, "You want to bounce your racket, here, let's bounce it right." He smashed it on the ground. Arias' eyes grew wide, and he said, "That was my favorite racket."

There are no subtle messages with Bollettieri. He yells at kids, insults them. And they work harder. He grabs players and orders them off the court. And they work harder. At junior tournaments, when the Bollettieri contingent arrives, the other kids look at them as if the Marines had just landed. They are the products of a tougher sort of training. Rick Meyer, now a touring pro, recalls his first lesson from Bollettieri in 1964, years before the academy got going. "I couldn't believe how he was yelling at me," Meyer says. "He wanted me to use the Continental grip. I was eight years old. I couldn't even pronounce Continental."

Bollettieri will admit there are thousands of teaching pros all saying the same thing. The difference with him, he says, is that people listen. He discovered early he could teach tennis by demanding concentration from his students. And it works. Ninety percent of the players who have graduated from the academy have earned college scholarships. One of them is Rodney Harmon, a black from Richmond, who was ranked 48th in the U.S.

18-and-unders when he came to Bollettieri's in January 1979. Harmon had no backhand and a sickly service. In his first academy match, a girl beat him, but he got with the program and soon moved up to fourth nationally in his age group, won the national 18-and-under doubles title and earned a scholarship to Tennessee. Last week, Harmon, along with Mel Purcell, won the NCAA doubles championship. "I owe everything to Nick Bollettieri," he says.

Bollettieri was born in Pelham, N.Y., a town that is not far from New York City's borough of the Bronx. He was raised in a close Italian family that endured periodic misfortune but had a compulsion common to many European immigrants to better themselves. Both sets of grandparents were Neapolitans.

Blessed with glibness, Bollettieri, a graduate of South Alabama, anticipated a future as a lawyer, and after his 1957 release from the Army, where he served with the 187th Airborne Division, he enrolled at the University of Miami law school. He moonlighted as a tennis "pro" at a pair of public courts in North Miami Beach, where the pro shop was a dilapidated soft-drink machine with an umbrella sticking out of it, the nets were wire mesh, and the fences had holes in them. Bollettieri charged \$1.50 for half-hour lessons, and you got what you paid for: his knowledge of tennis—he had played a bit as a teen-ager, but he hadn't been on his high school or college team—was so rudimentary that whenever he had a lesson scheduled, he would race off to another pro for advice on how to teach it.

Always the promoter, Bollettieri

scheduled free clinics, invited the mayor to attend and then bought a shovel. A large crowd showed up, and with the mayor at his side, Bollettieri announced, "Today the mayor is going to put the first shovel in the ground for four more tennis courts." It was an election year. The mayor began digging.

Bollettieri dropped out of law school after a year and began his assault on the tennis world. Over the years he moved around like a water bug, ingratiating himself with the rich and famous, piling up successes and plunging into disasters. He was the personal pro of the Rockefellers for a spell, spending summers at their Pocantico Hills estate in Westchester County near New York and working winters at their plush Dorado Beach resort in Puerto Rico, where the affluent visitors usually ended up writing Nick's name in their address books.

It was there he met Hy Zausner, and together they founded the Port Washington (N.Y.) Tennis Academy, which in time became a hotbed of junior tennis, turning out, among others, Vitas Gerulaitis and John McEnroe. Bollettieri rounded up investors and founded All-American Sports, which operates camps for tennis and other sports. But then things soured. His personal life fell apart. He found himself running here and there. He and Zausner had an acrimonious parting. His investors fell away. He lost his job at Dorado Beach. Four years ago Bollettieri did not have a court to teach on.

And so it is no wonder he is fiercely protective of what he has, now that he has pulled himself back up in such rapid order. From his camp, clinics, equipment

continued



contracts, lessons and other operations. Bollettieri's gross income is more than a million dollars a year. His five-bedroom home, situated in a grove of trees, is an ultramodern showplace, tastefully and expensively furnished and immaculately kept by his housekeeper and Girl Friday, Kris Ross. Bollettieri also has a swimming pool, alongside which he works on his tan, a tennis court and a virtual botanical garden of landscaping. Guests, no matter what their station, must take off their shoes when they enter the house, and Bollettieri rarely eats at his exquisite glass dining-room table, catching his meals instead at a long wooden cafeteria table set up just off the kitchen. Three of his cars—a Mercedes, a Cadillac and a Mazda—have license plates that read VOLLEY 1, VOLLEY 2 and VOLLEY 3, respectively. Bollettieri also has a station wagon and a van, but he often hitchhikes to work because he does not want to get the Colony's parking lot sand on his cars. The Mercedes is kept shrouded in a wrap, and whenever it is driven, it must be washed immediately thereafter. The tennis pros call it "the Caterpillar."

Bollettieri loves to dazzle people and is an unabashed name-dropper. To him everything can be ranked. America is the No. 1 country. He is the No. 1 teacher. You are his No. 1 friend. And he is cocky about his students. When Colony Beach guests are around, he enjoys gathering his top players for an exhibition.

Academy players are taught to be aggressive, to rip the swinging volley, to go for winners, to hit the lines, to never let up, to play the game the way their coach lives his perilous life. Bollettieri never makes a list of things to do because he does everything immediately. In mid-forkful, he will rise from dinner, walk to a picture on the wall and straighten it a quarter of an inch, all the time carrying on a conversation in his auctioneer's style. To his way of thinking, whatever he does can always be improved on. He knows, therefore, that he once dictated 57 letters in one night. He makes \$50 a half-hour for teaching, and assistants bring him sandwiches on the court so he does not have to stop for lunch.

Obviously, working for Bollettieri is a perpetual crisis situation, but his 21

continued

Three of Bollettieri's better prospects in action: Bessent, hitting her two-handed backhand; Anas, volleying; Horvath, down but obviously not out.



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teaching pros are fiercely loyal, though if they want to smoke a cigarette, they have to do it behind the boss' back. He pays them well; at the academy one fellow's main job is to hand Bollettieri tennis balls, and he makes about \$22,000 a year doing it.

One Saturday morning Bollettieri was on the court with a few of his stars. Horvath was preparing for a tournament and Bollettieri was feeding her balls. Arias and a boy named Mike DePalmer were on either side of him, volleying Horvath's returns. One of the shots angled off sharply, and Horvath stumbled in pursuit. "Gee, Kathleen," said Bollettieri in a loud, sarcastic voice, "I think the women should get twice as much prize money as the men. They run so well they should get more money."

Horvath's eyes narrowed. Under her breath, she muttered, "Shut up." She moved up to the net, closing the distance between the coach and her to about 15 feet. As he fed her balls, Horvath swung hard, grunting with each shot, firing the ball back at him. Arias and DePalmer were like centurions, picking off the shots protectively. Horvath swung harder.

"Gee, Kathleen," the coach mocked, "I think you're trying to hit me. See how nice we make the girls down here? See how nice the girls are here?" Some hotel guests murmured nervously on the sidelines. "She loves to hit you with the ball," Arias would say later. "That's her ultimate goal. The first day she was down here she whaled one and hit me right between the legs. I fell down. Nick was laughing. The hotel guests were laughing. She was laughing." And she didn't say sorry.

Arias, Horvath and Bassett are the camp stars, although living in Bollettieri's house is not considered soft duty. Except on weekends, they are not even allowed to listen to the radio, and he harasses them constantly, to do their studies, their calisthenics, their running. "When I first met him, I thought Nick hated my guts, the way he yelled," says Arias. "It's like being in the Army, almost. We have to salute him when he checks our rooms."

For players who live in the dorm, each weekday begins at 6 a.m. with breakfast; then they board the bus, many wearing tennis warmups and carrying rackets, and head off to two different private schools in Bradenton. They do intensive schoolwork during the morning; the Tennis People, their classmates call them.

Around noon they return to the dorm, prepare and gulp down sandwiches and then rush to the practice courts at the Colony or a tennis club that Bollettieri co-owns.

The Colony has 21 courts and the students are spread across them. Some go through drills, some play practice matches. Many of the better ones are on court No. 1—Nick's Court, it is called, because it is where Bollettieri gives his lessons. He seems to be everywhere, yelling, beseeking, barking out orders.

At those times when Bollettieri really gets mad, he shouts and stamps his feet. "What is this?" he yells. "Show some enthusiasm. What is that? Hold it. HOLD IT! O.K., I've had enough. To the beach. Get 'em out of here. Make 'em run. They don't want to work." The kids jog away. After they return, he will not let them pause for water.

At day's end, around 5 p.m., when they have completed additional running, wind sprints and calisthenics, the haggard students file by Bollettieri and say, "Thanks, Nick."

Despite all the discipline, all the yelling, the Gestapo searches, despite everything, there is a feeling among the kids that the academy is a family, that Bollettieri, the other teachers, the players, are all in it together. Tennis parents have the reputation of being pushy, meddlesome, forceful, consumed people, not only committed but obsessed. In effect, the academy students have exchanged their parents for Bollettieri, and they don't seem to mind.

And the kids seem to thrive in this atmosphere. On rainy days, when they cannot get on the courts, they go out to the motel parking lot and volley among themselves. "They make you tough here," says Conk. "You have to want to be No. 1. I can't imagine not wanting that and doing what we do here." When Arias first left Buffalo, his mother often telephoned and asked plaintively, "Why don't you come home?" Says Arias, "I couldn't tell her I didn't want to."

For Bollettieri this was all preordained the day he first saw Brian Gottfried, then only nine years old, at those courts in North Miami Beach. The year was 1961; and he took one look at Gottfried and asked him to move into his home. For the next six summers they were inseparable. "He could make you feel like you could fly," says Brian.

Gottfried would turn out to be an extraordinary player, working his way to fourth in the world in 1977, and Bollettieri helped him get there. He dragged Gottfried around, from the Rockefeller estate, to Dorado Beach, to Port Washington, to the long line of tennis clubs at which he taught.

Even now Gottfried calls Bollettieri "the greatest teacher," and he still looks to him when his game goes awry. At times it must seem as if Bollettieri has the answers for everyone but himself, because as John Bassett puts it, "Away from the court, Nick needs all the help he can get." In 1976 Bollettieri lost \$100,000 in an ill-fated tennis camp venture, a project doomed mostly by his penchant for overexpansion. And the failure of his most recent marriage, his third, wounded him grievously, though it could be directly traced to his obsession with his work. "People should know what it takes to get to be No. 1," says Bollettieri. "Hey, I envy those people who can work eight hours a day and make it. But I have to work 16 hours a day. My father once told me, 'Nick, if you would only devote 10% of your time to your marriage, you'd be Father of the Year.'"

During the afternoons Bollettieri pumps his arms up and down. "Work, work, work," he shouts at the kids. To a spectator he says, "It's like a factory. This is what it takes. From numbers come good players. From good players come great players." Every coach's legacy is his players, and Bollettieri has them. College coaches flock to the Colony to watch workouts. Equipment manufacturers beg him for affiliations. He is associated with Filia for clothes, Prince for rackets and Pro-Keds for shoes, and his kids follow the leader. The William Morris Agency lines up endorsements, speaking engagements, clinics, commercials. He has been on network television several times. He has a book coming out entitled *A Winning Combination*, co-authored with professional Julie Anthony. Tournament directors inquire, if his students will enter their events. He gives clinics for the United States Tennis Association's junior program.

After all these years, Bollettieri has the credentials—and a big name. His grandparents were looking in the wrong place when they came to this country. It was the tennis courts, not the streets, that were covered with gold.



HERE'S THE NEW PELÉ

On May 13 at Wembley Stadium in London, England's national soccer team had just beaten World Cup champion Argentina by a comfortable 3-1 margin in front of 92,000 fans, an occasion, one might think, for hectic waving of the Union Jack by Fleet Street's sportswriters, who are no slouches when it comes to chauvinism.

Well, there was some of that, certainly. But, once the requisite cheers for the home side were dispensed with, the superlatives were lavished on a player for

the losers, a 19-year-old from the slums of Buenos Aires: Diego Maradona, short—only 5' 6"—but heavy-shouldered, thick-chested, massively thighed, a mop of black curls surmounting features that have theullen, near-expressionless Indian look that his countryman, Carlos Monzon, the fighter, habitually wore.

PRIMA MARADONA? read one headline. But the supreme accolade did not appear until five days after the game, when the London *Sunday Times* moved the kid out of the sports section and gave

him an entire page in the main body of the paper. "About once in 20 years," the article portentously began, "a footballer of genius emerges. The last was Pelé, the great Brazilian player. Now there is another—Diego Maradona of Argentina."

Overshadowed by all this was one David Johnson, who had put England on the winning way with two fine goals. But even Johnson was under Maradona's spell. "I shudder to contemplate what he might have done with a little help from his friends," Johnson said.

Indeed, once in each half, Maradona had slalomed alone through the whole English defense. The first time, in a five-second burst, he left three players, baffled by his speed and footwork, behind him before hitting a low, left-foot shot that went inches wide of the far post. In the second half, he again glided by a couple of defenders before a desperate, foul tackle by Left Back Kenny Sansom brought him down. Maradona had had a splendid game.

Yet he wasn't happy. "I would have preferred, a thousand times over, to be my team's worst player, on the condition that the squad would have won," he said. "That way I would be the happiest guy in the world. But here I am, flaked out." The loss of the game was only one of the things bothering Maradona. A few days

From Argentina on sturdy legs comes Diego Maradona, a 19-year-old with the all-time richest sports contract

by CLIVE GAMMON

earlier at Barajas airport in Madrid, while the Argentine team's plane refueled before flying on to London, he had hidden in the upper cabin of the 747 while the rest of the squad met with reporters. The flight from Argentina had taken 12 hours, and on the previous two nights Maradona had lain sleepless at his home in Buenos Aires. He was exhausted and depressed. And not surprisingly so. Few athletes had ever faced the special kind of stress that he was then undergoing.

Four days before leaving Argentina, on May 3, Maradona had signed to play soccer for the Spanish club, Barcelona. The price paid to obtain his services

continued



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for six years was a scarcely believable \$12 million, a sum unparalleled in the history of sport.

And as he fretted aboard the plane in Madrid he was aware that the deal had produced angry reactions in Spain, a country racked by economic problems. In the Cortes, the Spanish parliament, the news of the contract had prompted the Socialist and Centrist parties to demand a government inquiry and legislation to ban such transactions. A Madrid newspaper, *Sábado Gráfico*, reported that the Barcelona players were planning a strike, having declared the contract to be "an incredible sign of contempt for the other professionals." A Basque newspaper testily pointed out that \$12 million was enough to keep the bulls running at Pamplona for 20 years.

Certainly the fiscal details of the arrangement were startling. Maradona's club in Buenos Aires, Argentinos Juniors, would get \$4 million now and another \$1.15 million over the next two years. For Maradona himself there would be an immediate payment of \$2.9 million with \$4 million to come in 1983. In between, he would be paid \$2,000 a month walking-around money, plus \$2,000 each time Barcelona won at home and \$4,000 when it triumphed on the road. If the club won the Spanish championship he would collect a bonus of \$200,000. And there were a few little extras for Maradona: a new Mercedes, a suite of offices and a house with a swimming pool large enough for his eight siblings, his parents and his fiancée, all of whom would be coming with him.

Fortunately for Maradona, he had only to hold out for 40 minutes in the plane. His contract doesn't call for him to play for Barcelona until the Spanish season starts in August. By then, he hopes, the controversy will have died down.

He hopes that the reaction will have subsided on the streets of Buenos Aires, too. News, of the deal brought charges that Diego, little Diego, had turned traitor. The Argentine Football Association clearly felt that way. It had bluntly declared that Maradona wouldn't be permitted to transfer to a foreign club until after the World Cup of 1982.

The spring had brought heavy floods and much suffering to parts of Argentina, and this, too, was turned into a whip with which to flail Maradona. "I don't deserve all these accusations," he said before the



Maradona, the \$12 million man, and his youthful agent, Gymerstapler, stroll the streets of London

London game. "I feel shocked to be compared with the people who have been flooded out. They are saying and writing that while I think about all the dollars I can make, my countrymen are dying of cold, hunger and exhaustion." Meanwhile, and prudently enough, he has taken the Argentine Football Association to the labor courts; he has a constitutional right, he says, to work where he wants.

In the weeks before the Barcelona deal was made, Maradona had lived in a kind of state of siege. One fascinating manifestation of it could be observed at the Café-Bar Lascano, across the road from his modest home in a respectable working-class section of Buenos Aires called La Paternal.

The clientele is mostly comprised of taxi drivers and deliverymen, who can take a little time off during the day. A stranger walks in, and they look him over carefully. Then one of the bolder ones makes the universal money gesture, rubbing thumb and forefinger together and smiling. "¿Drañano?" he asks. He mimics the writing of a check, gets up and dribbles an imaginary soccer ball.

Light dawns. The stranger has been taken for the representative of one of the big Italian clubs whose ruling body has just permitted them to sign foreigners. The boys think the newcomer

is the first checkbook off the Rome flight.

That misconception cleared up, the Lascano regulars let loose with the man-in-the-street view. "Used to come in here to eat," says one. "Eat free. Don't see him anymore. *La marea se le subió a la cabeza.*" It's high tide in his head.

"Hey, look," another says, "there are his mother and sister going shopping." All gaze respectfully at the pair in black.

"Got his sister's husband a job in the broom factory. Big deal," says the first man.

But cynicism is not a majority view. To give the visitor a truer impression, a couple of cabbies break into song, the one they sing at the Argentinos Juniors stadium nearby:

Y ya lo ve, y ya lo ve,

Es Maradona y su bailar.

(You can see it here, you can see it here/Maradona and his ballet.)

The stadium Maradona calls home is right out of a Graham Greene novel. That night the humid sky sweats out sparse raindrops as one chooses between standing on an earthen bank, with most of the capacity crowd of 15,000, or sitting in a ramshackle wooden stand. Both places reek of sewage. Between the spectators and the field there are a high fence topped with barbed wire and a line of steel-helmeted police, each with a Doberman

continues

on a short leash; the other hand grips a bastón, an outside nightstick. "The ideology of the regime," a fan mutters, recognizing an English-speaking stranger.

Five minutes into the game, though, and all this is forgotten. The stocky kid in the No. 10 shirt, who ran onto the field with short, almost mincing steps, is doing amazing things with the ball and his body.

He passes a defender by bouncing the ball three—no, four—times on his knees as he runs. A few minutes later that same defender, having been baited like a bull for a quarter hour, despairingly grabs at the seat of Maradona's shorts so that the crowd howls with laughter. Then, suddenly, Maradona has twisted his upper body like an eel, two fullbacks are sitting on the grass though no one has touched them, and the goalie is out of position at the far post. With a formal, almost contemptuous flick of the left foot, Maradona taps the ball into the net.

The crowd breaks into song. Maradona y su baffler. Indeed there is something compellingly balletic about the way he plays. As he dribbles the ball, often his right hand is held high, fingers half crooked. It is a device intended to distract his opponent, like a matador's cape. Rick Davis of the Cosmos played against Maradona a couple of times, and Franz Beckenbauer gave Davis some advice: Don't go with his eyes. Or watch the tiny, hypnotic movements designed to put you off balance.

The new Pelé? Something like that. Elements of the 17-year-old Pelé dazzling the Swedish crowds in the World Cup of '58 are evident in Maradona. There's something, too, maybe in that hypnotic body swerve, of the young George Best, before the hard men clobbered him out of the game and onto the booze. But Maradona is different from either. Different, but no less remarkable.

The speed of his rise to fame has been as stunning as that \$12 million, but it could have been even faster. In May of 1978, only four weeks before the start of the World Cup finals in Buenos Aires, Maradona, 17 then, was the last player to be cut from the national side. César Menotti, Argentina's austere and brilliant coach, recalls the scene. "I told him that he would be great, very great. But he could not bear the blow. He cried like a child."



Diego will be on hand for Diego's reign in Spain

The decision had nothing to do with the boy's already extraordinary skills. Menotti had wisely decided that Maradona was too young, too physically vulnerable, for the World Cup, in spite of the Pelé precedent. Since 1958, international soccer had become much harder. Maradona needed more seasoning.

His roots are classic ones for a world-class player. Just as the Rotterdam wharves brought forth Johan Cruyff and the favelas of São Paulo spawned Pelé

and the slums of East Belfast begat George Best, so Villa Fiorito—in spite of its pretty name, a shantytown on the edge of Buenos Aires where the streets turn to rivers of mud when it rains—produced Maradona, the eldest of eight children of a "Spanish" family. Argentina is a Spanish-speaking nation, but to be of Spanish (or worse still, Spanish-Indian) descent, rather than of Italian, German or English extraction, is to be at the bottom of the social order.

"There was always something on the table," Maradona says now, defensively. There was probably little to spare, though. In Villa Fiorito the kids regard soccer as a way out of poverty, just as black youngsters in Harlem look on basketball as the escape route, except that in Argentina it happens earlier if it is going to happen at all. Diego was only nine when he took his first step toward steady eating.

That was when he was spotted by a coach named Francisco Cornejo, who recruited Diego to play for his crack kids' team, Los Ceibollitas, the Little Onions, competing in the equivalent of the Little League. Diego had been a Little Onion for less than a year when River Plate, one of Argentina's most famous clubs, made an offer of nine million pesos to the Onions for him.

Cornejo turned River Plate down. Maradona stayed with the Onions for five more years, making a torturous two-hour bus trip from Villa Fiorito to Paternal, where the Onions were based, for each practice, each game. In Paternal, Maradona met a boy two years older than he, who followed the team and even tried to play soccer in spite of a bad limp, a legacy of childhood polio. The kid's name was Jorge Cyterspiller (pronounced SEA-ter-speeler) and since then no one has had more influence on Maradona's life. An unhappy influence, many Argentines believe, and one that could still end in disaster.

At first, though, the friendship was a little one-sided. "When we met, one of my brothers who played soccer had just died of cancer," Cyterspiller says. "I got to know Diego. I saw his passion for the ball, and I felt that once again I had a brother." From their first meeting Jorge paid court to Diego. By comparison he was a rich kid, and when the Little Onions had a late game he would



Menotti kept Maradona out of '78 World Cup

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take Maradona home for a hot meal and a bed for the night. Other times he would take the bus out to Villa Fiorito to visit his friend. Diego called him "El Cabezón," the big-headed one. To Jorge, Diego became "Pelusa," or "Fuzzy."

The odd couple is still together, but the balance of the relationship has changed drastically.

Traditionally, before each game, Argentine soccer teams go into what they call a *concentración*, holing up in a hotel or camp where no distractions of any kind are allowed. The rule is clearly not imposed too rigidly on Maradona.

During one such *concentración* a few weeks ago at the Hotel Torre in midtown Buenos Aires, Maradona appears in the coffee shop at noon with his 16-year-old girl friend Claudia Villafane. The scene is downbeat: the hotel seedy-contemporary, the garish paper murals of sunny Alpine scenes peeling a little. A small black-and-white TV in the corner is showing a West German soccer game. When they sit down, Maradona is silent, moody, restless. And then Cyterspiller limps in, looking self-important.

He draws up a chair and, ignoring Cistadna, begins talking animatedly to Maradona. Maradona seems to come alive for the first time. The physical contrast between the two is striking. One thinks of Caliban and Ariel. Jorge's head looks too large for his body. At 21, he has developed an impressive belly. His complexion is bad.

That weekend, the first rumors of the Barcelona deal were being heard around town, and when a writer approached Maradona he at first appeared willing to talk. Instantly, without ceremony, Cyterspiller cut the interviewer off. Maradona laid an apologetic hand on the shoulder of the inquirer but trotted obediently off behind his friend. Or his agent. Or his puppet master, some would say.

Since 1975, when the 15-year-old Maradona graduated from the Little Onions to play for Argentinos Juniors in the Buenos Aires First Division, Cyterspiller has scarcely left his side. He appointed himself Maradona's secretary, general factotum and agent, quitting his economics course at the National University to do so. But his domination of his friend really began in the months following the '78 World Cup, when Maradona first received international notice.

In the summer of 1979 Maradona went



Maradona didn't score against England, but he dazzled the Wembley crowd with two solo sweeps

to Japan is a member of the under-21 Argentine side that won the Junior World Cup tournament there. In 1979 he was voted South American Player of the Year, and that summer, at last a member of the full Argentine national team, he took part in a tour of Europe that was meant as a celebration of Argentina's world championship. The European fans had groaned when they looked at their programs and saw that Maradona's name, then unknown, had replaced that of Mario Kempes, the hero of the '78 World Cup. By the tour's end the spectators were ecstatic, as was the sporting press. "The new Pelé" became the new cliché.

After Maradona returned to Argentina, offers from foreign clubs started to roll in, rising faster than the inflation rate.

The figure was soon more than \$5 million. The deals were all rebuffed by his club, which was paying Maradona \$20,000 a month. The public utterances of Juniors President Prosper Consoli ranged from arrogant ("I am tired of answering questions. Maradona is not, repeat not, transferable") to gushing ("Dieguito is a little angel God has sent to bestow happiness on Argentinos Juniors and Argentine soccer").

All of this sent Maradona into a kind of frightened retreat. "I dream of a soccer field where only children are allowed to go," he said revealingly last summer, "where even the program sellers are children." And less poetically, "I always loved to play, but now I find myself mixed up in a lot of trouble."

continued

Cyterszpiller, though, would have none of that nonsense. Maradona, he said, "would have to resign himself to accept the rules of the game." And the game he was referring to wasn't soccer. Swiftly he put out a price list. "For by-lined stories," he announced, "we collect \$1,000 TV appearances will be \$5,000." By this time, Maradona had installed his family in a house a block away from that of Cyterszpiller, who announced further that he and Maradona and their respective girlfriends were planning a double wedding.

All this was taking place during a kind of hiatus in Maradona's career. Last year Argentinos Juniors were in no position to sell their little angel abroad—he was doing his time in the army. Neither was a transfer to one of the classier Argentine clubs—River Plate or Boca Juniors, for instance—possible. They couldn't hope to match the European offers or pay the salary Maradona could command. Traditionally, all the great Argentine soccer stars have sought their fortunes abroad. The members of the '78 World Cup team headed back to their European clubs almost before the golden FIFA trophy was installed in a glass case at AFA headquarters. Kempes returned to Spain. Osvaldo Ardiles, Ricardo Vilas and Alberto Tarantini went to England. Daniel Passarella, the captain and the player Maradona admires most, was an exception. He had stayed at River Plate, collecting a \$6,000-a-month salary. That would be nowhere near enough for the new Pelé.

By this spring Maradona was out of the army—released early for "exceptional conduct"—and the situation had changed. The dragle-tailed, unremarkable Argentinos Juniors tried their best to keep their star, going through all manner of strange contortions to pump his income up. In particular, the Juniors hauled him all over Latin America to play in exhibition games; for example, in February, in Santiago, Chile, 80,000 fought their way into the National Stadium to watch him. For this Maradona apparently received \$10,000 in addition to his regular salary.

But it was Cyterszpiller who was providing Maradona with most of his income, through a company El Cabezón had set up called Maradona Producciones. Open a newspaper in Buenos Aires and you will see Dieguito, smiling for once, telling you what a great tooth-

paste he uses. He drinks Coca-Cola. You'll note, and flies Austral, the Argentine domestic airline. These endorsements and others for sportswear, soccer gear and the like bring Maradona about \$20,000 a month. The office suite that is part of the Barcelona deal will house Maradona Producciones when it moves to Spain. With Cyterszpiller in charge, of course. In Barcelona you can already buy a Maradona T-shirt.

Until now, Maradona has managed to slough off onto Cyterszpiller much of the unpleasant, non-soccer part of his career. *Un buen machucho*, Maradona calls him, a good boy whose only interest is the happiness of his friend. But now, with that huge Spanish contract in hand, Cyterszpiller's relative inexperience, combined with his street-smarts, is beginning more and more to look like a disaster waiting to happen.

When the news of the Barcelona deal broke, Cyterszpiller appeared on a Buenos Aires radio talk show. The insurance premiums on Maradona, the interviewer suggested, must be horrifying. "Insurance?" El Cabezón asked, as though surprised. "We can't afford insurance." (Neither could the Juniors, and the idea of Maradona crashing around a soccer field without insurance didn't appeal to Barcelona, which agreed to take care of the coverage.) Another economy Cyterszpiller practices is not to have a telephone in his office. To make calls, his secretary has to run down to a shop on the corner.

And in Europe, Cyterszpiller already is beginning to make the wrong kind of name for himself. Two weeks ago, in Dublin, where Argentina played Ireland and won 1-0, he demanded \$4,300 from a journalist from the *Irish Independent* (circulation 189,000) who wanted to talk to Diego. The Irishman complained to Coach Menotti, who is already becoming disenchanted with his star. ("If I had that much money," he had said on hearing the details of the Barcelona deal, "I wouldn't buy Maradona. I'd buy a bout.") Menotti angrily censured Cyterszpiller and Maradona.

"The interview would have taken up an hour of Diego's time," the unabashed Cyterszpiller explained.

Menotti blistered him. "I'm boss here," he said. "From now on you will

not ask for money. If you like that, fine. If not, push off, keep away from the squad."

When Maradona gets to Barcelona next fall, terrifying pressures will greet him, pressures that affected mature stars like Cruyff and Johan Neeskens when they played for that club. He will be much less protected from fans and the press than he was in Argentina. And, at 19, he will carry two huge extra burdens: the \$12 million contract and the "New Pelé" label.

About which, incidentally, Edson Arantes do Nascimento, the old Pelé, is a little waspish. "I don't like comparisons," he says. "Michelangelo was Michelangelo. Pelé was Pelé. Maradona will be 21 when the next World Cup is played. At this age Pelé had been on a world championship side twice, in '58 and '62. Nothing can diminish the brightness of what has gone before."

But Pelé adds, "Part of Maradona's greatness will be measured by how he is able to avoid injury." Pelé was perhaps recalling how he himself had almost literally been kicked out of the '66 World Cup in England by savage marking. And this, of course, is the biggest test Maradona faces.

Let Rainer Bonhof, the great German midfielder, have the last word. "If Maradona can get through a World Cup against heavy marking, good backs, then he is the best player in the world."

Meanwhile, desperate attempts are being made in Argentina to keep the hero at home. There is talk, with little substance, that a syndicate of rich businessmen will try to match the Barcelona money. There are even rumors—and, again, there is no substance to them—that the Argentine government might step in to ensure the retention of this national treasure. But Maradona is already calling himself a member of the Barcelona club, and Cyterszpiller has reportedly been advanced \$250,000 to set up Maradona Producciones in that city.

And in a Dublin hotel last weekend, Nicola Casaus, vice-president of Barcelona, seemed on excellent terms with the official party from the Argentine Football Association. "Barcelona is potentially the most important club in the world," he said. "We are not used to interference." On the field, neither is Diego Maradona, who may well dominate the whole next decade of world soccer.

THE U.S. OPEN

BALTUSROL



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	1979 Results	Since 1973
Hogan	19	104
Titleist	9	70
Wilson	5	28

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The par-3 4th is Baltusrol's signature hole. The lovely pond is not natural; the architect created it 59 years ago to eliminate a swampy area. During the Open the USGA uses alternate teeing areas to vary the challenge. From the back tee the 4th measures 194 yards and calls for a long iron. When a forward tee is used the distance is only 162 yards but on those two days the hole is cut very near the edge of the pond and the margin for error is small.



Next week's U.S. Open is both the 80th in a series that dates back to 1895 and the sixth to be held at the Baltusrol Golf Club in Springfield, N.J. That is a record. Only one other club—Oakmont, northeast of Pittsburgh—has hosted the Open as many as five times.

Baltusrol, which lies 20 miles southwest of Times Square and a loop and a holler beyond the end of the Holland Tunnel, has contributed its share of Open history. The club was founded in 1895 by Louis Keller, who was also the creator and publisher of the New York *Social Register*. Keller named his club Joe Baltusrol, a farmer who once cultivated the present club property. Roll was dragged from his home and left to die in a snow bank on the night of February 22, 1831 by two marauders who believed, mistakenly, that he had a cache of money in his house.

Baltusrol has two courses, the Upper and the Lower, and both have been used for the Open. The Lower, substantially as it was for both the 1954

and 1967 Opens, will provide the challenge again this year.

And who will be the challengers? Some of the game's great names—Sam Snead, for instance—never won an Open. Neither has Tom Watson, who will be trying again. On the other hand, the most taxing of tournaments has been captured by virtual unknowns—winner Osvaldo Morda in 1909 and Jerry Pate in 1976. Hale Irwin and Lee Trevino will both be looking for a third Open. And Jack Nicklaus will be after his fourth.

As U.S.G.A. Starter John Laupheimer will intone just before the first player strikes the first ball next Thursday:

"Play away, please!"

1903

At the time of Baltusrol's first Open, golf was a thriving, well-to-do infant in America. Just 10 years before, there had been but 16 courses in the whole country; now there were more than 1,000 and the number was growing each season. The masters of the game, however, were not Ameri-

cans—that was still a decade away—and the hundreds of young professionals from Great Britain, most of them from Scotland, who had left golf's homeland to earn good money teaching at the new clubs on this side of the Atlantic.

Unquestionably the best of this clanish group was Willie Anderson, who won four early U.S. Open titles, an extraordinary achievement no matter how one chooses to compare it to the modern Open records of Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan, the tournament's only other four-time winners. Remarkably little is known about Anderson. He came to this country from North Berwick, Scotland, as a teen-ager, drifted from one club pro job to another for a period of 15 years; won more tournaments than any of his contemporaries; and died in 1910 at the age of 50.

Anderson wrote nothing about his game. His feelings about his life and times were not recorded. The word one encounters again and again about him in articles of the time is "dour."

Dour or not, Anderson—and Baltusrol, too—had a technological breakthrough to adjust to in 1903. A new ball had dramatically changed the way the game was being played. Suddenly the old gutta percha ball was gone, just as

the leather-packed ball had disappeared in Britain 50 years before. In its place was a ball with a solid rubber core that gave the long hitters a distance bonus on the order of 25 yards. For the ninth U.S. Open, Baltusrol had been stretched to 6,103 yards.

The Open was then a two-day affair with two rounds played on Friday and two on Saturday. There was no preliminary qualifying, that was still in the future. The starting field of 89 (77 pros and 12 amateurs) went off in twos, with the interval between pairs only four minutes, an indication that a round of golf then required less than two and a half hours.

The first round was marred by a rules-of-golf controversy that developed when Laurie Auchterlone, the defending champion, hit a shot that embedded itself in the rain-softened fifth green. The ball was not playable, so Auchterlone pried it out and then putted. Some players insisted that the Chicago Golf Club pro should have

been disqualified for so much as touching the ball between the tee and the hole. The USGA, however, ruled that a one-stroke penalty was sufficient.

The leader at the midway point was Anderson, playing out of Apawamus, Rye, N.Y. He was thoroughly familiar with the Baltusrol layout since he had been the pro there for about three years. He had won his first Open two years before and now, after 36 holes, enjoyed a five-stroke lead.

But Anderson's lead evaporated in the final round when he soared to an 82, largely because of a horrendous eight on the par-5 9th where he palled his tee shot into woods and then got into deeper trouble when he hit a tree attempting to recover.

Unnerved, Anderson bogeyed two very short par-4 holes—the 11th and 12th. At the 14th his gallery, estimated at 100, was joined by early finisher David Brown who had come in with a score of 307. (It would have been incorrect to call Brown the "leader in the clubhouse" since in those days professionals were not permitted to mingle with the gentlemen golfers in the clubhouse. Pros were first allowed in the clubhouse in 1920 at Toledo.)

Only Anderson could match Brown, and he did. The flinty Scotsman pulled himself together and finished with five solid pars for his 307. Since there could be no golf on Sunday in 1903, the 18-hole playoff was put off until Monday.

Brown, then a venerable 43, was also Scottish, a sometime roof water and golf pro playing out of the Wollaston Golf Club near Boston. He had been the surprise winner of the 1886 British Open.

On the morning of June 19, Brown took a look at the pouring rain and said he didn't think the playoff should proceed, though Anderson was willing. USGA officials postponed the start by two hours until noon. The rain had abated by then but most of the greens were dotted with casual water.

The playoff scores were understandably high—82 for Anderson and 84 for Brown.

Eleven money prizes totaling \$970 were awarded. Anderson received \$200



USGA
Willie Anderson (above), the 1903 champion, shares with Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan the distinction of winning four U.S. Opens. The 1903 Open field included Donald Ross (above center), one of America's most prolific, influential course architects, who created Seminole and Pinehurst No. 2; and Horece Rawline (below), winner of the first U.S. Open in 1895.



USGA
David Brown (above) had won the British Open in his native Scotland in 1886. After Brown lost the 1903 Open in a playoff to Anderson, he challenged the champion to a private match for \$500 (\$300 more than the Open's first prize). Anderson readily accepted but the match didn't come off because Brown wasn't able to post the money in advance.

A full-page photograph of Tom Watson on a golf course. He is wearing a red polo shirt, white pleated trousers, and a brown belt. He is smiling and leaning on a golf club with his left hand on his hip. The background shows a green golf course, palm trees, and a large building.

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The fairway on the par-4 15th hole has been narrowed to 31 yards for the 1990 Open. The key to the 431-yard hole is the elevated green which rises abruptly from the front. When the green is shaved to the USGA's standards (under 3/16 of an inch) a putt from above the hole causes a unique Open anxiety—the ball might roll right off the green.

Among the favorites in 1915 were the three Smith Brothers (below) from Scotland's Carnoustie: Alec (left), Mac (right) and Willie (center). Willie died later, during a revolution, defending the Mexico City Country Club where he was the pro. Other favorites included the great amateur Francis Ouimet (right) and Walter Hagen (bottom right), defending champion.



USGA



1915



and a gold medal valued at \$30.

Anderson successfully defended his title in both 1904 and 1905. No one else has won three straight Opens. Altogether Anderson played in 14 Opens (representing 10 different clubs) between 1897 and 1910 and finished 5th or better 11 times. He also won the Western Open—second then in importance only to the Open—four times.

Anderson's death on October 25, 1910 was ascribed to a nervous disorder, thought now to be a euphemistic diagnosis for a general physical deterioration linked to alcoholism—a disease that afflicted many an immigrant pro.

The fire that surely burned within Willie Anderson was let out in the only words of his that have survived. During the 1901 Open at the Myopia Hunt Club, a club official announced that the 38 pros in the field would eat in the club kitchen. Anderson, leisurely swinging an iron on the club lawn when he heard the news, exploded: "Na, na, we're no goun' eat in the kitchen." He then took a huge divot out of the lawn. A compromise was effected: The pros ate in a tent.

1915
About the biggest thing that had happened in golf in the 12 years since Baltusrol's first Open was the gradual emergence of American golfers as not only the equals of their mentors, the British pros, but as strong as any players in the world. A "hundred" had won the Open for the first time in 1911, but the capstone of U.S. progress had been the playoff win in the 1913 Open by Francis Ouimet—an American, an ex-caddy and an amateur—over the Englishmen Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, two of the mightiest and most celebrated golfers of the day.

Ouimet's victory was wildly popular—the stuff of legend—and, through the early months of 1915 the American golfing public had been anticipating the return of Vardon and Ray to play at Baltusrol. But Great Britain was at war and their trip was cancelled when the *Titanic*, on which the two were to have sailed later in the month, was sunk by a German submarine on May 7.

The Open entry climbed to a record

141 in 1915, and the tournament was staged in a curious fashion. Half the entrants played 36 holes of qualifying on Wednesday, June 15, with the low 32 scorers going on to the championship proper, the process was repeated for the other half on Thursday. Then the 64 survivors played the 72 holes of the Open on Friday and Saturday. This meant that those who qualified on the second day had to play three straight days of double rounds.

Among the more highly regarded members of the field for the 21st Open was the dashing amateur, J. H. Travers. A product of a wealthy New York family, he had won four U.S. Amateur Championships between 1907 and 1913. But Travers was a bona fide player and his passion for the game was less than constant. After winning the Amateur title for the second year running he didn't even bother to defend in 1909.

Nevertheless, Travers was comfortably placed at 148 after the

If the house weren't insured, Dancin' couldn't bring it down.

One of the dancers in "Dancin'," now in its 3rd year at New York City's Broadway Theater and touring in a national road show.



It's an old cliché that the show must go on. But without insurance, that tradition might die. The truth is, insurance is what helps keep show business in business.

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by **DUNLOP**

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first day, two shots behind the leaders. Long Jim Barnes and Louis Teller, a former French Open champion. Travers moved one stroke ahead of the field on Saturday morning and had to face the final afternoon round in that most uncomfortable of positions: trying to protect the slimmest of leads with all the contenders aiming at him.

But by the time he turned for home, early finishes by his closest challengers had defined the problem for him: he had to play the final nine holes in one under par to win the 1915 Open. Outmet, who had finished early and come out to watch Travers, described the prospect as "an impossible stunt."

Always an erratic driver, Travers went to his usually trusty driving iron on the 10th tee. He shed his "sule" shot out of bounds, then yanked his next shot into the left rough, but still salvaged a par 4 (in those days the penalty for out of bounds was distance only), firing an iron shot to within six feet of the hole. On the next tee he went back to his driver and topped his ball no more than 40 yards. Travers then hit two full-blooded mashie shots to the green where he proceeded to hole a 35-footer for another par.

From the 12th he was rock solid.

He got the birdie he needed on the par-5 13th, added three pars and won with 297—one shot better than Boston pro Tom McNamara.

Travers, although only 28, was never again a factor in either the Open or the Amateur. His family lost its money. He had to work for the first time and was not successful in business. Eventually he turned pro in order to make a living giving lessons.

The scores in the 1915 Open were considered shockingly low. Five players had tied the course record of 71. Baltusrol, with lots of land and lots of members, resolved to correct the situation. The old course would be abandoned and two new ones built. In 1916, A. W. Tillinghast was engaged to design the two new courses, but the project was put off until the end of World War I. The new courses, the Upper and the Lower, were opened in the spring of 1921.

1936

Tony Manero, a 31-year-old journeyman pro at the Sedgefield

Club in Greensboro, N.C., played the round of his life to win the 1936 Open. His two shots on Baltusrol's Upper Course, Manero's marvelous 67 gave him a total of 282, fully four shots better than the old Open record shared by amateur Chick Evans and Gene Sarazen.

A slight, jaunty figure with a neat mustache and a constantly quizzical expression, Manero's victory came at the expense of the always disappointed Harry Cooper who had finished an hour before Manero with 284—a score that seemed certain to win. Cooper, in fact, was hailed as the winner when he holed out and was interviewed on a national radio hook-up on the premise that his record-breaking total surely meant the title. Cooper cautioned that it wasn't over yet.

The leaders, in those pre-television days, were spaced throughout the field. The primary source of communication was rumor. A rumor swept Baltusrol that Saturday afternoon that Manero was tearing up the course. The rumor proved to be an understatement.

After negotiating the outgoing nine in 33, Manero reached the 18th tee with a two-stroke lead over Cooper. He then had to endure 10 nervous min-



The golden age of American amateurs arrived just prior to World War I. Socialite Jerry Travers (above) was one of three amateurs who won the Open in a four-year period. Francis Ouimet broke the ice in 1913. Chick Evans succeeded Travers in 1916. The original Open trophy, held by Travers, was lost in a clubhouse fire in 1946.



Tony Manero (above) in 1936 was only the second Open champion to withstand the final-round pressure and break 70. The first was Gene Sarazen (below right) in 1922 who happened to be paired with Manero on the last day at Baltusrol in 1936. Before Manero's unlikely finish of 67 the winner seemed sure to be Light Horse Harry Cooper (above right).



Baltusrol's professional golfer emeritus is Johnny Farrell (below), himself an Open champion in 1928. Among those Farrell taught at the club between 1934 and 1972 were the Duke of Windsor and Richard Nixon.

Ben Hogan (center) shot an astonishing 64 on Baltusrol's Lower Course one week prior to the 1954 Open. Ho-

gan's hope for a fifth Open victory faded with a 76 in the third round. For Sam Snead (below right), the Masters winner that spring, the 1954 Open was just another one that got away. The gallery favorite was Billy Joe Patton (right), who slashed his way to a first-round 69 to become the first amateur to lead after any Open round in 21 years.



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When the way was clear, Manero drove into the fairway and hit the green with his second shot to assure victory. After Manero played his second shot the crowd overwelmed the marshals, burst into the fairway and encircled the 18th green. Sarazen, who had driven longer than Manero, blithely lofted an iron shot over the mob and onto the green.

Tommy Armour had tied him with a birdie on Oakmont's colossal finishing hole and then beaten him in the playoff.

Prize money, bumped to \$5,000 in 1929, remained at that figure for the seventh straight year of the Great Depression.

The Open had become truly a national event through the device of sectional qualifying, for which there was a record entry of 1,277 in 1936. The championship had been extended to three days with single rounds on Thursday and Friday and a 36-hole finish on Saturday.

Among the qualifiers was a 23-year-old Texas pro named Ben Hogan, playing out of the Oakhurst Country Club in Fort Worth. It was Hogan's first Open. He shot 75 and 79 and missed the 36-hole cut by three shots.

Jones and stretched to an unprecedented Open length of 7,027 yards. Par, nevertheless, was only 70—primarily because of four huge par 4s of 450 yards or more.

Ben Hogan, the defending champion, had arrived at Baltusrol two weeks early, preparing to try for an unprecedented fifth Open title. He had won in '48, '50 and '51 as well as '53. That spring, he and Sam Snead had waged one of the game's epic battles at Augusta where they tied at the Masters. Snead won the playoff by a shot.

The first-round leader of the Open, however, was Billy Joe Patton, the fast-swimming, garrulous and thoroughly charming North Carolina amateur, who scrambled his way to a 69. Billy Joe shipped to a 76 the next day, but then played two creditable rounds to finish tied for 6th. Patton had become an instant national hero at Augusta where he was in the lead for much of the Masters and finished only a stroke behind Snead and Hogan.

Snead, complaining ceaselessly about his putting, was never a factor. Hogan was in good shape after 36 holes, only two shots behind. Then he played a most uncharacteristic third round of 76 and was out of it.

Cooper, who had come to the U.S. from England when quite young and now hailed from Texas, was an earlier version of Sam Snead—a magnificent striker of the ball lated never to win the Open. In 1927 Cooper had seemed sure of a victory. But

1954
For Baltusrol's fourth Open, the Lower Course was selected by the U.S.G.A. It had been revised with a vengeance by architect Robert Trent



The drama everyone had come to expect at an Open was provided at the final hole by three contenders. First came Dick Mayer, who needed only a par 5 on the 18th to finish with 284—a likely winning score. But Mayer hit a wild drive into woods on the right, found his ball unplayable, took a penalty stroke, and finished with a seven.

Then came Ed Furgol, 37, the pro at Westwood Country Club in St. Louis who occasionally ventured out onto the tour. Furgol, like Mayer, needed a par on the last hole for 284. He hit an equally bad drive—a wicked hook into a veritable forest of evergreens on the left. To get back into the 18th fairway he would have to play laterally and could not then hope to get home in the regulation three strokes. Furgol, however, discovered a solution in another and unlikely direction. Through the trees he had a clean shot into the parallel 18th fairway of the Upper Course which was not being used and was not out of

bounds. Two fairly easy iron shots got Furgol to the edge of the 18th green of the Lower Course, albeit from an odd angle. Once there, he nailed his par.

Forty minutes later the rookie pro, Gene Littler came to the 18th tee needing a birdie to tie Furgol. He gave himself every chance but failed to make a putt of some eight feet. Littler, as famous then as now, explained that good players make about half their eight-footers and he just happened to miss that one.

Furgol's win was inspiring. His left elbow had been shattered in a playground accident when he was 12. As a result his left arm was crooked and short. About all he could do was it was steady the club while the right arm did all the work.

In a couple of respects, this was an historic Open. For the first time the gallery (at the suggestion of Robert Trent Jones) was restrained by rope surrounding every hole from tee to green. The system, which revolutionized crowd control in golf, required the use of 2,000 steel stakes and 10 miles of rope or, as one USGA official who anticipated a hostile reaction said: "more than enough to hang us all."

Also, the Open was televised nationally for the first time by NBC. The entry was a record-breaking 1,928 and prize money was increased to \$25,280.

Among the amateurs that year was Arnold Palmer, 24, who had built something of a reputation as a big hitter from Western Pennsylvania. Palmer departed early with rounds of 81 and 73.

1967

This Open had everything, most especially two of those memorable Arnold Palmer-Jack Nicklaus confrontations that electrified the game in the 1960s.

Palmer, who had won in 1960, led after 36 holes with 137, one stroke ahead of Nicklaus, who had won in 1962. Playing together on the third day—the 36-hole final-day format had been abandoned two years earlier—they both seemed distracted by the huge possibilities of the occasion. Neither so much as made a birdie until Nicklaus squeezed one in on the par-5 17th and finished the day with a



Ed Furgol's left arm cradled the Open trophy he earned in 1954 after he made an unlikely par on the last hole. Jack Nicklaus (center), shortly before he discovered the joys of being svelte, played one of his greatest rounds in 1967 at Baltusrol—a 65 on the final day to set the 72-hole record of 275.



Californians Gene Littler and Billy Casper (top) came close at Baltusrol in 1967. Marty Fleckman (lower left), then an amateur, led after three rounds. At the start of the last day he was greeted by a banner MAZEL TOV MARTY, but his luck was anything but good. Fleckman shot an 80. Another amateur in 1967 was 20-year-old Johnny Miller (lower right).

**"The grip is basic
for proper control"**

Roger Staubach,



**"The grip is basic
for proper control"**

Tom Watson.

**"The grip is basic
for proper control"**

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like the way Coronet's road-hugging design gives them a combination of driving control and passenger comfort. Ask your independent Armstrong dealer to show you the full line of Armstrong tires. You'll like the way they perform. And you'll love the values.

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Arnold Palmer (below), four times a runner-up in U.S. Opens, was frustrated again at Baltusrol in 1967. The budding genius of Lee Trevino (below right), however, was first revealed at Baltusrol, that year, where he arrived as an unknown assistant pro from Texas and left bearing a check for \$6,000.



to Palmer's 73. They were tied at 210, even par. Billy Casper, the defending champion, was also at 210 but the leader of the tournament, at 209, was amateur Marty Fleckman, of Port Arthur, Texas. An amateur hadn't won the Open since Johnny Goodman did in 1913.

Palmer and Nicklaus were paired together again for the fourth round, playing directly ahead of Fleckman and Casper. Nicklaus was taunted by oafs carrying a sheet on which they had lettered **RIGHT HOLE JACK**. They displayed the sign far removed from Nicklaus' targets.

Fleckman's hopes were dashed almost at the start of the final round when he began by cracking a drive beyond the galleries on the right. He was en route to an 80, Casper never got untracked and came in with an indifferent 72.

Palmer played a powerful fourth round. He shot a 60—to no avail. Nicklaus was sublime. Despite three bo-



Deane Beman (top left), now Commissioner of the PGA tour, holed a fairway wood shot for an eagle on the first hole at Baltusrol in 1967. He birdied the brutal par-4 465-yard hole the next two days and slumped to a par on the last day. Beman tied for 8th. Ben Hogan's (top right) unique identification with the Open began at Baltusrol in 1936 and concluded there 31 years later.



The par-5 17th hole of the Lower Course (below) is 630 yards—the longest in the history of the Open. It has never been reached in two. The 18th is also a par-5, but 90 yards shorter. No other prominent American course concludes with back-to-back par-5 holes.



gers he shot a fourth that round with eight birdies, six of them coming on putts of less than 15 feet. He included matters with a par putt on the 17th for a birdie on the last of a 272-hole score of 275 to establish a new Open record.

For Ben Hogan, who had set the old record of 276 19 years earlier, the 1967 Open was his last. He was then 54 years old and a terrible putter. But he made the cut handily and finished tied for 34th.

The 1967 Open marked the emergence of Lee Trevino, a \$30-a-week assistant pro in El Paso, Texas. Trevino had never played on the pro tour but qualified for the Open in Texas. He shot 283 to finish fifth and earned a prize of \$6,000.

The very next year, he shot 273 himself to win the Open at Oak Hill and tie Nicklaus' scoring record. The mark still stands.

BY FRANK HANNIGAN

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Sharp's 1185 is a highly advanced, versatile print/display calculator that Dad will be proud to own. It has so many uses he'll use it both at home and in the office. Or even in between since it works on either AC or rechargeable batteries.

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Because two sensors read the light that reflects off the film surface the instant the shutter opens.

So the shutter may stay open for up to two minutes as the camera adjusts for changes in light and

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automatically closes at the precise moment perfect exposure has been achieved. No other camera can do it.

The OM-2 also embodies all that Olympus SLRs are justly famous for. It's a light, compact, rugged camera with a bright viewfinder and well-proportioned controls.

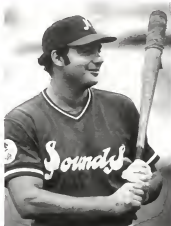
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The Olympus OM-2 is what happens when a brilliant designer sets his sights on the impossible.

To create what's possibly the world's ultimate camera.

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Hello Balboni, bye-bye ball

*The most popular sound in Nashville today is
Steve Balboni's bat cracking a long home run*

Like any good motel marquee, the one at the Best Western Airport Inn in Chattanooga read WELCOME AMERICAN LEGION on one side. On the other side was a more unconventional message: BYE-BYE BALBONI. Almost to a man, the Nashville Sounds, who were in town for a game against the Lookouts, got a big kick out of that. The only man who didn't was Steve (Bye-Bye) Balboni himself. It seems that Balboni does not like his nom de plate one tiny bit. And this is a shame because the name is a natural.

Since arriving at Nashville, the New York Yankees' Double A farm team in the Southern League, Balboni, a 23-year-old righthand-hitting first baseman, has been making the baseball go bye-bye. He had 21 home runs in his first 39 games (a 78-homer pace for the full 144-game season) but he was in an 11-game dinger drought until he hit his 22nd last Sunday. Balboni also has a .351 batting average and 57 RBIs.

Balboni's homers are as notable for their distance as their number. Measurements in mere feet don't do them justice; landmarks are a better gauge. There was the ball Balboni hit over the firehouse across the street from the ball park in Columbus, Ga., and the one he hit onto the freeway in Jacksonville. Some of his home runs just disappear into the night, never to be seen or heard from again. They are still going, going, going, long after they're gone.

Feats like these have baseball men gushing. They praise sounds like the blurbs for major motion pictures and bestsellers.

"Truly awesome," says Sounds infielder Dan Schmitz.

"There isn't a ball park in America that can hold him," says Nashville Manager Carl (Stump) Merrill.

"After a while, you just run out of ad-

jectives," says Yankee Director of Player Development Bill Livesey.

"I saw one pitcher's knees turn to Jell-O after Steve hit a homer off him," says Nashville Pitcher Dan Led Duke.

Through the years there have been many legendary minor league sluggers, men like Joe Bauman, who hit 72 home runs for Roswell, N. Mex. of the Longhorn League in 1954, and Joe (Unser Choe) Hauser, who had 69 in 1933 for Minneapolis of the American Association and 63 for Baltimore of the International League in 1930. Nashville once had a lefty named Bob Lennon who hit 64, but that was in 1954 when the team

played in the old Sulphur Dell ball park, where it was only 262 feet to right. Bob Crues, Dick Stuart, Moose Clabough, Ken Guettler, Tony Lazzeri and Frosty Kennedy all hit 60 or more homers in a year in the minors. But all except Stuart and Lazzeri turned out to be Babe Ruse as major league prospects.

The Yankees, however, feel that Balboni (almost sounds like Bambino, doesn't it?) may be the real thing, and they're not rushing him. He's still a diamond in the rough, albeit a very big diamond at 6' 3" and 225 pounds. And at 23 his receding hairline is already farther along than Harmon Killebrew's was at the same stage of his career. Like all power hitters, Balboni has struck out a lot—in 30% of his 876 minor league at bats. But as Livesey says, "When you're hitting .350, a few strikeouts can be tolerated." Balboni's defensive work at first is surprisingly good, and he isn't a slow base runner. But the major league pitchers won't have to face him anytime soon. The Yankees, who are doing pretty well without him, plan to let Balboni finish the year in Nashville and move him up to Triple A Columbus next season.

Balboni, who is from Manchester, N.H., first drew Livesey's attention at a tryout camp in New England. Livesey was the coach at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Fla. then, and he persuaded the big, hulking kid to join him there. Not that it took much persuasion. "He was the only one who even bothered to call me when I graduated from high school," says Balboni. At the same time, Livesey recruited another New Hampshire player, Concord's Joe Lefebvre, who is now what is known as a "rookie sensation" for the Yankees. Three years ago he and Balboni led Eckerd to second place in the Division II World Series. By then, Bal-

continued

boni had already acquired the nickname he doesn't like. In those days he was hitting the ball even farther because he was using an aluminum bat Brian Dayett, an infielder with the Sounds, played against Balboni for St. Leo College in Florida. "We used to go into the orange groves the next day to look for his home runs," says Dayett.

Livesey left Eckerd during Balboni's junior year to take a job in the Yankees' player-development program, and he persuaded the farm director, the late Jack Butterfield, to draft Bye-Bye.

In his first year at Fort Lauderdale in the Class A Florida State League, Balboni hit one—count it, one—home run in 60 games. But last season he set a team record and led the league with 26 homers, a remarkable figure considering the heavy summertime air in Florida. The Yankees high-expected Balboni to get off to a similarly slow start at Nashville this year, but he fooled them by going to a heavier, 36-ounce, 36-inch bat, and by arriving relaxed.

For all the noise he makes with his bat, Balboni is a very quiet man. "as quiet as he is big," says Stump Merrill. "A gentle giant," says Coach Eddie Napoleon. That poses a minor problem when a runner takes off to steal second, the first baseman is supposed to yell. "He's going!" But Balboni's voice is so soft that he can hardly be heard.

Balboni doesn't like his nickname "because it makes me somebody that I'm not." He's also afraid it will be used against him when he strikes out, although on those frequent occasions the opponents' fans seem to favor "Baloney." Balboni much prefers either the nickname "Bones," which is derived from the second syllable of his surname and definitely not from his physique, or "Rocky," as in Rocky Balboa.

In Nashville, the faithful will call him anything he wants. He has a growing fan section along the first-base line, and General Manager Larry Schmittou reports, "Nobody wants to be caught in line buying a hot dog when Steve comes up."

The last word goes to Snuffy Miller, the team bus driver ("Best busbie in baseball," says Stump Merrill) and a former drummer for Bill Anderson, Dottie West and Conway Twitty, who is part owner of the Sounds. "He can look so bad on one pitch," says Snuffy, "and on the next one, it's bye-bye."

Sorry, Steve.

THE WEEK

(Mar. 25-31)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST

Act 1 Yankee runners on second and third against the Tigers, Craig Nettles up, Rick Cerone on deck. Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson, aware that Nettles is hitting .423 with men in scoring position, has the pitcher walk him intentionally to get to Cerone, a .242 batter in these circumstances. Cerone singles to climax a five-run fifth that puts New York (4-2) in front 6-3. **Act 2** Yankee runners on second and third in the seventh, Nettles up. Another intentional pass. Another single by Cerone. **Act 3** Nettles receives his third deliberate walk. To break up the monotony—and the game—Cerone clouts a grand slam as the Yankees win 13-5. **Encore:** With two runners on in the seventh inning of a scoreless game against Toronto, an intentional walk to hot-hitting Bobby Brown brings Cerone to the plate. Cerone's two-run double starts Luis Tiant on his way to a 6-0 triumph.

Even though team RBI leader Ruppert Jones was lost for about six weeks after surgery to correct an intestinal blockage, the Yankees had ample thunder in their bats. Four home runs, the last by Reggie Jackson, led to an 8-6 victory over the Blue Jays. Reggie barred Toronto's comeback from a 5-0 deficit with a two-run blast in the 10th to make a winner of Rudy May, who pitched 4½ innings of shutout relief.

Milwaukee's mug continued to run over with runs. Twelve hits were collected by both Cecil Cooper, who also had eight RBIs, and Paul Molitor, who moved to the top of the league hitting chart with a .366 average. A three-run homer by rookie Mark Brouhard gave Larry Sorensen a 3-2 win over the Twins and an 18-hit attack did in the Mariners 11-1. The Brewers (5-2) were at their frosty best in Boston, setting three club records as they got 22 hits—including eight doubles—while winning 19-8.

Boston (2-4) lost that wild contest despite slugging six homers, two by newcomer Dave Stapleton. Three of the shots came consecutively in a four-home-run explosion in the fourth inning. Another four-bagger, Carl Yastrzemski's two-run poke in the ninth, finished off Toronto 5-4.

Luis Leal, Lloyd Moseby and Garth Jorg, three youngsters fresh from the minors, helped the Blue Jays (3-3) win twice. Although he gave up 12 hits, Leal was a 9-6 winner over the Yankees, thanks to Moseby's single, double, homer and four RBIs. And Jorg stole home as Toronto won 4-1 in Boston. Two days earlier, the Blue Jays were within one out of a 1-0 loss to the Red Sox, but Damaso Garcia, Alfredo Grijalva

fin and Bob Barker all singled to help pull out a 3-1 victory.

Catch hitting and tight pitching gave the Indians (5-2) their best week of the season. Reliever Victor Cruz allowed only one hit in 3½ innings, winning when Tom Verzer singled in the ninth to beat the Orioles 7-6 and then pitching the final two innings of John Denny's four-hit, 5-0 defeat of the Brewers. Denny had earlier struck out eight as he beat the Red Sox 3-2. A nine-inning performance by Dan Spillner and back-to-back homers by Cliff Johnson and Ron Hawey trapped Seattle 5-2.

A pair of four-RBI games by Eddie Murray and Rich Dauer helped the Orioles (3-3) stop the Indians 7-3 and the Twins 11-1. And a 10th-inning pinch home run by Terry Crowley dented Minnesota 3-2.

Detroit's best reliever ever, John Hiller, hung up his spikes. Hiller, 37, who had been shelved in recent outings, came back from a serious heart attack in 1971 to set a league record with 38 saves two years later. The current ace of the bullpen for the Tigers (3-3), Aurelio Lopez, picked up a win and a save. Five homers, two by Richie Hebner, propelled Detroit past California 12-1.

NY 28-16 MR 33-20 TOR 22-21 BOS 22-23
BAL 22-24 CLE 21-23 DET 19-25

AL WEST

Jeff Newman of the A's (4-2) is no Paul Newman, but last week he did some acting worthy of an Academy Award in a 6-3 victory over Kansas City (page 16). Newman was on first and Wayne Gross, another slawpoko, was on third in the first inning. Following scriptwriter Billy Martin's plot perfectly, Newman took a long lead and then, after a pitch, intentionally fell while returning to the bag. That set up the scenario Martin wanted: after Catcher John Wathan fired the ball to First Baseman Willie Aikens, Gross broke for the plate and Aikens forgot about Newman and pegged the ball back home. Gross beat the throw to score and Newman jumped up and lumbered to second. This was actually Oakland's second steal of home in the inning. Dwayne Murphy having scored on the front end of a less theatrical double steal in the continuing saga of what people are calling "Billy Baseball," Centerfielder Murphy, who batted .311, hit a two-run homer as Steve McCatty beat the Rangers 6-3 with a six-hitter and helped preserve Mike Nyrna's 4-3 victory in Texas by gunning down a runner at the plate. That was the sixth win for Nyrna, a figure equaled by Matt Keough when he limed the Royals to three hits while defeating them 4-1.

The Rangers (2-4) had other problems as well. Reliever Jim Kern, who was 13-5 last season, lost for the sixth time when California salvaged a 7-6 victory with a four-run eighth. Kern was victimized by Shortstop

continued

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Pope Friar, who let Jason Thompson score the decisive run from third base when he spiked the ball after making what he thought was the third out. When the Texans entered their clubhouse after that fiasco, they found it had been newly decorated with fried chicken, baked beans and macaroni. The man responsible for the décor was enraged Manager Pat Corrales, who had been inspired by the spread on the postgame dinner table.

California (3-3) acquired Thompson from Detroit for Al Cowens in a bid for badly needed left-handed punch. In his first at bat as an Angel, Thompson drilled a three-run pinch double in that 7-6 victory. Another new hand, DH Dickie Thon, had five hits the same night. California pitchers tossed a pair of four-hitters, Don Aase beating Texas 2-0 and Bruce Kison and Dave LaRoche combining to stop Detroit 6-1.

Julio Cruz of the Mariners (2-4) stole five bases and topped off the week with a 10th-inning homer to down the Indians 4-3. After Floyd Bannister had struck out 11 White Sox while winning 8-3, Chicago's Alan Bannister (no relation) said of his 0-for-3 batting, "I stink." A day later, though, Bannister banged out three hits as the White Sox (12-5) defeated the Twins 6-3. Wayne Nardhagen, who had said the Sox would be more exciting if he played more, connected for a two-run homer to give Britt Burns a 2-0 victory over Minnesota.

Ken Landreaux of the Twins (2-5) extended his hitting streak to 31 games before going 0 for 4 against Baltimore. The streak was the longest in the league since DiMaggio's—Don DiMaggio's—34-gamer in 1949.

the 13th that knocked off second-place Philadelphia 3-2. Bert Blyleven finally notched his first victory, whitewashing the Mets 5-0 on seven hits.

Ellis Valentine of the Expos (3-2) was shelved for at least two weeks after a pitch shattered his cheekbone. Keeping Montreal going were the pitching of Steve Rogers, who blanked Chicago 4-0, and the hitting of Chris Speier, Andre Dawson and Gary Carter. Speier, who had been out for almost a month with back spasms, hit .526, Dawson .461 and Carter .440. Carter also drove in 10 runs and unloaded five homers, one inside the park when two Cardinal outfielders collided, allowing the ball to roll to the wall.

Despite the foul-up, St. Louis (2-3) won the game 8-6 after a pep talk from 80-year-old owner Gusztav Busch. The Cardinals, who have been playing more like bushers than Bushers, used their No. 1 starting pitcher, Pete Vuckovich, in relief for the last four innings to seal the victory. Earlier, they had ended a 10-game losing streak by holding off the Mets 8-5 as Bob Forsch hurled an inelegant 13-hitter. George Hendrick homered twice in that game and flashed with four home runs and 10 RBIs.

New York (4-2) pulled four games ahead—of last-place St. Louis. A six-run eighth overcame a 5-0 Cardinal lead, and Neil Allen made the 6-5 margin stand up as he got his ninth save. Craig Swan's 3-0, three-hit victory over Atlanta and Pat Zachry's 5-1 win in Pittsburgh also gave the Mets a boost. So did 473 hitting by John Stearns, whose two doubles gave him a major-league-leading 17.

Chicago (3-2) made the most of long-awaited home runs and dense base running. A fence-clearing drive by Ivan DeJesus, the first by a Cub in 90 innings, led to a 4-2 triumph over the Expos. "Even a blind squirrel stumbles over an acorn," was Tim Lincecum's way of saying he was just plain nuts about his first homer in the majors after 563 at bats. That smash, plus another by Mike Vail, who hit .435, led the Cubs past the Phillies 10-7. "I'm a thief," said Lenny Randle after he set up a 2-1 victory over the Dodgers with some nifty base running. With two out and two on in the bottom of the ninth and LA leading 1-0, Randle scooted from first to second on a fly to short left. Then, when Shortstop Bill Russell fielded a grounder and made a wide throw to first, Blackwell scored from third and Randle barreled all the way home for a 2-1 Cub victory.

PITTS-18 PHIL 22-18 MONT 21-19
CHIC 19-21 NY 19-23 STL 16-28

NL WEST

American League shoppers found it unwise to intentionally walk Yankees batting ahead of Rick Cerone, but Manager Jerry Coleman of San Diego (2-5) found it equally disastrous when his pitchers talked him out of issuing

some free passes. Rollie Fingers twice persuaded Coleman to let him pitch to hitters instead of walking them, and both delivered run-scoring singles. Randy Jones also got Coleman to change his mind and then served up a two-run homer. The Padres ended a five-game losing streak by beating the Reds 7-5. Kurt Bevacqua, who is 9 for 23 with six RBIs as a pinch hitter, knotted the score at 5-5 with a pinch single, and the Padres added two more runs to win.

It should have been hard to improve upon the 4-0 four-hitter that Jerry Reuss of the Dodgers (3-3) threw against the Reds. But later in the week Bob Welch did it, beating the Braves 3-0 on a one-hitter. With his fast ball at its blazing best, Welch resorted to smoke on 87 of his 95 pitches. Bill Russell, who was in a woful slump earlier in the year, raised his average to .323 with a .400 week.

Johnny Bench of the Reds (4-3) had only

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CLIFF JOHNSON: Cleveland's designated hitter homered three times, drove in eight runs and batted .500. One of his round-sneppers was a three-run pinch-hit drive in the eighth inning that knocked off Boston 3-2.

five hits, but four were homers that drove in eight runs. Three of Bench's blasts came during a 5-3 conquest of the Padres. Three more Cincinnati home runs—consecutive shots by Ken Griffey, George Foster and Dan Driessen—took care of Los Angeles 6-1. And Foster grand-slammed Cincinnati past the Dodgers 5-4.

Superb pitching enabled the Astros (4-2) to make up for the absence of Cesar Cedeno, who had bronchitis. J.R. Richard, who had been bothered by a sore back in some recent outings, stopped the Padres 4-1 and three-hit the Giants in a 5-0 win. Best of all, however, was Nolan Ryan's two-hit, 1-0 triumph over San Diego.

Vida Blue of the Giants (2-4) also gave batters fits, improving his record to 8-2 as he beat the Pirates 5-2 and then contained the Astros 3-2 on five hits. A two-run homer by Darrell Evans helped Blue in his first game, and a squeeze bunt by Johnnie LeMaster settled the other. But the Giants lost 6-3 in Atlanta despite getting five doubles and a home run while outlasting the Braves 12-9. Larvell Blanks of the Braves (4-3) added to the Giants' frustrations, driving across two runs in the eighth in a 2-1 victory and then scoring in the 12th on a hit by Chris Chambliss for a 3-2 win two days later. Tommy Boggs won his first two games and Reliever Gabe Garber picked up his first two saves, each by retiring the only batter he faced.

LA 28-18 HOUS 25-19 CHIC 26-20
SD 23-24 SF 19-27 ATL 17-26

NL EAST

With Larry Christenson on the 60-day disabled list following elbow surgery and with Randy Lerch in the bullpen after going 0-6 as a starter, Philadelphia Manager Dallas Green had to make do with a "patchwork rotation." Fortunately for the Phillies (14-3), Steve Carlton continued to excel, stopping the Cubs 7-0 for his ninth victory. After Carlton had fanned 11 batters in seven innings, Green yanked him to try to keep his arm strong for an anticipated stretch drive. It helped, too, that Lerch, after 10 days in the bullpen, went eight strong innings as a starter and finally won, 6-3, over the Pirates. Mike Schmidt clubbed a two-run homer in that game and set up a 7-6 defeat of Pittsburgh by leading off the ninth with a double. Larry Bowa contended the two-run rally with a single. Pete Rose hit .400 and had four doubles, and Schmidt had a five-homer, 10-RBI week. That gave Schmidt 16 four-baggers and 41 RBIs, both tops in the majors.

Pittsburgh (3-4) clung to a one-game lead with the aid of Mike Easler's pinch single in



It was not a bad year

Johns Hopkins "salvaged" its season by beating Virginia for the NCAA crown

After 60 minutes of regulation play in the NCAA lacrosse championship in Ithaca, N.Y. last Saturday, Virginia and Johns Hopkins were tied 8-8. The deadlock was appropriate because one or the other of the two finalists had held the No. 1 ranking in the nation all season long, a tribute primarily to their having the game's best defenses. Now those defenses would be tested in sudden-death overtime, trying to stop the single goal that would determine the new champion.

Anxiety creased the face of Hopkins Coach Henry (Chic) Ciccarone as he detailed overtime strategy on the sidelines

of Cornell's Schoellkopf Field. At Johns Hopkins there are only two kinds of lacrosse seasons—national championship seasons and bad seasons—and the next goal was going to decide which kind 1980 would be. The Blue Jays won their first national title way back in 1891. Now they were gunning for their 35th, which is more than twice as many as any other school has won. Over the years, lacrosse seems to have become a game of Johns Hopkins, by Johns Hopkins and for Johns Hopkins.

After consecutive NCAA championships the last two years, the Blue Jays were heavily favored this season to become the first team to win three straight since the NCAA instituted a season-ending tournament in 1971. Returning from last year's undefeated squad were most of the attackmen as well as Goalie Mike (Piggy) Federico, a two-time first-team All-America, and Mark Greenberg, who in 1979 had been the first defenseman to be named national player of the year. In addition, Hopkins had its usual good recruiting year. Among the prize catches was Baltimore's best high school mid-

Jeff Harris, here maneuvering for a shot, scored the winning goal in the second overtime period

fielder, a fellow by the name of Chic Ciccarone Jr. More impressive still was the addition of two transfer students, the Schneck brothers—Lance, a defenseman from Adelphi, and Brendan, an attackman from Navy. As a Middle sophomore, Brendan Schneck had been a first-team All-America and he was widely considered to be the best offensive player in the nation.

Naturally, Hopkins was ranked No. 1 in preseason polls. The Blue Jays remained there by opening with five easy victories that stretched their three-season winning streak to 25 and had everyone saying the boys from Baltimore were invincible. Everyone, that is, except Ciccarone, who kept pointing out that this team didn't include last year's seven top midfielders, five who had graduated and two, Ned Radebaugh and Wayne Davis, who were injured. But then Ciccarone habitually poor-mouths in a vain attempt to curb the high expectations of the Hopkins students and alumni. Nobody paid any attention to him until April 5, when once-beaten Virginia upset Hopkins 12-9 and took possession of first place in the national rankings for the rest of the season.

After that loss, Ciccarone ordered a major shake-up. His biggest gamble was to move Brendan Schneck from attack, where he was leading the team in goals, to midfield, where he would only play in shifts with his line. But the gamble paid off. Schneck continued to score close to five points a game while adding needed strength and depth to the midfield. As the Blue Jays' numerous injuries finally began to heal, they became, well, invincible. Even Ciccarone had to admit, "When we were 100% healthy and playing to our ability, I think we were five or six goals better than anybody else in the country."

Unfortunately for Ciccarone, Hopkins didn't stay healthy. By the time the championship game rolled around, injury or illness had sidelined Radebaugh and At-

continued

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tackman Jeff Cook, the team's leading scorer before he went down, and had hobbled others. "Now we will have to play extremely well because injuries have evened the odds," said Ciccarone. He didn't know how prophetic those words would be.

To Ciccarone's anguish, neither Hopkins' injuries nor Virginia's No. 1 tournament seeding caused Blue Jay fans to modify their dreams of another national championship. Even University President Steven Muller got into the act. Because the trip to Ithaca would force the Hopkins seniors to miss graduation, they received their diplomas a day ahead of schedule in a special ceremony at the Lacrosse Hall of Fame, which, of course, is located at Hopkins. While handing out the degrees, Muller talked about the seniors' future endeavors. Then he added ominously, "If, however, your next endeavor doesn't turn out well, these diplomas will self-destruct."

Hopkins started out as if it were going to win in a rout. In an one-minute 12-second stretch early in the first quarter the Blue Jays scored the game's first three goals, and it was 4-0 before senior Midfielder John Driscoll finally got the Cavaliers on the board. In that first quarter the Virginia goalies, Brian Gregory and Joe Borstner, didn't stop a single Hopkins shot.

About this time Virginia Coach Jim (Ace) Adams may have had a comfortable feeling of déjà vu. The Cavaliers had trailed Cornell 5-1 after just 12 minutes of the quarterfinals and had fallen behind North Carolina 10-8 with fewer than five minutes left in the semis. Both times Virginia's sophomore-dominated team had regrouped, and both times it had forced the game into sudden death. In the quarterfinals Virginia had needed only one minute of the first four-minute overtime period to win, 9-8. In the semis against Carolina, the only team to beat the Cavaliers in the regular season and the only one to score in double figures against them all year long, Virginia had to go to a second overtime period to win 11-10. No wonder Adams presented such a relaxed contrast to Ciccarone on the sidelines. Ace had been down this road before.

Once again the youthful Cavaliers settled down, holding Hopkins to a scoreless second quarter and catching the Blue Jays at 5-5 midway through the third period. By early in the fourth quarter Vir-

ginia had moved ahead 8-6.

Hopkins sorely missed Radebaugh, who normally handles faceoffs for the Blue Jays. In his absence Cavalier junior Steve Kraus, whom Ciccarone later called Virginia's "great equalizer," had a perfect day, winning 16 of his 18 faceoffs. By taking 17 of 20 overall, the Cavaliers effectively played keep-away from the Blue Jays. "When the score reached 8-6, I felt the championship was within reach," said Adams. "Our defense had been able to hold teams all year long."

But, patiently, Hopkins battled back. With 9½ minutes to play, Ciccarone's son, taking a feed from Brendan Schneck 20 yards in front of the goal, moved the Blue Jays to within one with a high, hard liner past Gregory.

Two minutes later junior Attackman Jim Zaffuto juked past Cavalier Defenseman Geoff Peters on the right side of the goal and tied the game 8-8 with a bounce shot.

In overtime each team went to its strength. Virginia gave the ball to Driscoll and cleared out so he could go one-on-one and Hopkins did the same for Schneck. But neither player was able to penetrate. Late in the first overtime freshman Attackman Mike Caravana, Virginia's leading scorer this season, took the ball 15 yards from the goal mouth and launched a low rocket toward Federico. The Hopkins goalie was momentarily screened and didn't see the ball until the last instant. He stabbed at it with his stick, lost control for a second while a horde of Cavaliers frantically tried to poke it into the net and then regained possession.

Hopkins got its best chance in the last minute of the second overtime. By then more than 14 minutes—an eon by lacrosse standards—had passed without a goal by either team. Finally, Schneck took the ball and started a play that the Blue Jays had been practicing all week. As he charged the goal, a Cavalier defender on the crease dropped off to dou-



Ciccarone, a chic off the old block, started the Blue Jay comeback

ble-team him, so he flipped the ball behind the net to Attackman Jim Bidee. He in turn quickly threw it toward Attackman Jeff Harris, who was momentarily open in the crease because of the extra attention the Virginia defense had given Schneck. "That pass was a prayer," said Bidee later. "If it hadn't worked, I'd have been benched." But the pass threaded the needle to Harris, who slapped the ball from point-blank range toward Gregory. The Virginia goalie didn't have a chance. The ball glanced off his helmet and left shoulder and into the net to give Hopkins the 1980 national championship.

Afterward, Ciccarone stood outside the Hopkins locker room praising his players. "They were down 8-6 and the momentum was going the other way, but they didn't break," he said. "Instead, they came back and shut out Virginia for the rest of the game. That's the mark of a champion."

When Ciccarone was asked how he felt about winning yet another title, his answer revealed the pressure cooker he endures as the Johns Hopkins lacrosse coach.

"Right now," he said, "I'm not excited, I'm exhausted. I'm relieved that this is over." He paused for a second, then continued with a weary shake of his head. "That was a great game for spectators, but it wasn't a great game for me." **END**

Noah and the deluge

If he were an American, he'd be on posters, into residuals, under a microscope and over the rainbow. Johnny Carson would be talking to him. Johnny Anderson would be soliciting his vote. PepsiCo would call. Margaret Trudeau would dance. Don King would take a percentage. He'd live in Bel Air, drive a Mercedes, get his wardrobe from Giorgio and strut about with a media-inspired nickname, something on the order of the Ebony Cat. But no. Yannick Noah, *Le Chat Noir* on your language scorecard, is a Frenchman, and at 20 he is a spectacular vision in black and white. He was born in Sedan and spent his early years in the West African country of Cameroon. In less than two years on the international scene he has dazzled the world of tennis as much with his talent as with his looks. Which are some dazzling. Up from Cameroon's capital city of Yaoundé, presumably by way of Hollywood and Vine, Noah, a 6'4", 180-pounder, has crashed his big serve and cracked his myriad athletic skills to a ranking of 17th in the world. More important, he has become France's No. 1 player—Jean-François Caujolle, his closest national rival, is 76th on the ATP computer—with all the attention and pressure that station brings.

So it was last week, as the French Open began on the bronze clay of Roland Garros Stadium, that an entire nation stood on tiptoe to see how its new *phénomène* would perform. Noah had arrived in Paris directly from his best showing in a major tournament—impressive in that he reached the finals of the Italian Open, but somewhat illusory in that he had defeated Eddie Dibbs (who retired with an

The French have roined cheers on their new idol at center court, Yannick Noah



When he was 10 years old, the idle and listless Noah used Ashe

injury) and Tomas Smid to get to the title match against Guillermo Vilas. Though he lost in straight sets, 6-0, 6-4, 6-4, Noah declared that in the second half of the match he had played the best tennis of his life. Now, back home on his own stomping grounds—literally, in fact, his apartment being in Porte d'Auteuil, a short and fragrant tree-lined stroll from Roland Garros, and Noah tends to stomp about the courts in rather monstrous strides—he continued to assert himself.

In the first round Noah battered Roberto Vizcaino of Spain 6-0, 7-5, 7-5, and in the third he disposed of Eliot Teltscher, the young Californian who had reached the semifinals in Rome, 6-3, 6-0, 7-6. Both were casts of a good big man overpowering a good little man. But it was in the second round that Noah proved his mettle by surviving a tinging five-setter against the shrewd and polished 16th seed, Jose Luis Clerc. The match wound through four hours and over parts of two days before Noah won 6-3 in the fifth. Clerc, a dirt-court specialist who had upset John McEnroe to highlight Argentina's Davis Cup victory over the U.S. in March, admitted that Noah's height, intimidating manner and weight of shot "give me nerves," while Noah said it might have been his proudest victory.

Of utmost satisfaction to Noah undoubtedly was his ability to steel himself not only at the end of the match—he recovered from a 1-6 collapse in the fourth set—but also in the beginning, when he had to uphold French honor amid a center court of fuming Parisians who had just watched Caujolle pitifully blow a two-sets-to-love, five-games-to-two,

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match-point lead over Jimmy Connors.

Caugille, who is French tennis' Warren Beatty to Noah's Billy Dee Williams, barely missed a backhand pass on match point, but then he rapidly disintegrated. He petulantly disputed line calls, lost 17 of 19 games, unloaded one disgust-laden tape-measure blast that cleared the stadium heading for Switzerland and finally smashed his racket to sawdust. After his monumental, choking give-up, Caugille received a well-earned, unmerciful boogie. But an angry Noah disagreed with the spectators' reaction. "I am not surprised," he said. "The crowd, it is very awful here. If you are French, they want you to win so badly. Until you lose, then they don't know you."

On Sunday, having earned the round of 16 in the national championships, not to mention the most important moment of his career, it was Noah's turn to face Connors. Though he had to default with a pulled thigh muscle after 97 minutes, Noah struggled admirably, extending Connors in 7-5, 6-4 sets in which experience was the telling factor. This time nobody booed. All of France has come to know him too well for that.

Noah was discovered by Arthur Ashe while Ashe was on an exhibition safari to the mountainous rain forests of Cameroon 10 years ago. That smacks of Schwab's drugstore stuff, yet Ashe swears all is on the level: winsome child, 10 years old and tiny, slaps away at ball with beat-up piece of racket on insect-covered mud court. Celebrity notices, gives child one of own rackets. Celebrity hits a few, tells kid to take his best shot. Boom. Ace. Tells kid to check out a return. Ka-bock. Half-volley off shoetops. Winner.

"First he serves right down the middle past me. Then he whips one clean into the open court," said Ashe last week. "Here was this little chocolate-colored person knocking the absolute hell out of the ball I said to myself, what is this? He hit it then the same way he does now. Only now he's a giant." Ashe laughed. "Our next Great Black Hope."

Noah is hardly an "Ashe protégé," as most people reverently assume. After telephoning his friend, Philippe Chatrier, president of both the French and International Tennis Federations, to notify him of "a colonial subject" who could play a little, Ashe left Noah's fate in the hands of the French. The Federation persuaded Noah's parents he had potential—Zac Noah was once a professional

continued

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by Wendy Turnbull



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TENNIS *continued*

soccer player in France and understood the ropes—so, at 11, Yannick left Africa, as he says, "pretty much forever."

"It was very difficult to depart from home," Noah says. "My grandfather was wealthy, with much land. We had horses, a swimming pool, a big garden. It was warm. In France I was so alone, living in a pension, working hard, bad weather. I went home for Christmas and there were many tears. I didn't want to go back to tennis."

But he did go. Noah attended high school in Nice and trained under Patrice Beust, a respected junior tennis coach. Noah's mother, Marie-Claire, a white Frenchwoman, and his two younger sisters, Nathalie and Isabelle, followed him to Nice and live there still. But Noah dropped out of school to concentrate on tennis and went to Paris under the tutelage of Patrice Hagelauer, coach of the French national squad.

Noah's progress has been remarkable. In 1977 he reached the Junior Orange Bowl final against Ivan Lendl and was two points from the match but eventually lost. In 1978 he had two victories in small tournaments in Manila and Calcutta. Last year he won back-to-back championships in Madrid over Manuel Orantes and in Bordeaux over Harold Solomon. And in 1979 Noah made the round of 16 in the U.S. Open before losing in five sets to Johan Kriek.

Noah's well-rounded game bodes well for him on all surfaces. He grew up on clay and seems to have the necessary topspin as well as the temperament that clay's waiting game demands. His oppressive service, agility and lithe quickness at net (aside from an obvious weakness on the backhand volley) make him formidable on fast courts as well. Veteran tour players are practically unanimous in predicting a Top Ten future for Noah. Ashe says that when Noah shortens his bolo windup backswing and learns the true value of his personal intimidation, he can win Wimbledon and Flushing Meadows and "be [Pincho] Gonzalez all over again."

A marvelous phrase defining Noah's character is Charrier's: "He has the will of his means." Confidence. Burning desire. First-shaking, screaming emotionalism. A dig-it-out, fighting spirit. These also distinguish Noah from the stereotype French player whose guts are basically the texture of *poemes frites*. Besides Cailjolle, two other Frenchmen,

Denis Naegelen and Christophe Casa, had a total of five match points in the early rounds and ended up chok ... uh, losing.

Noah has not only a valiant spirit but also a romantic heart. One of his adventures has caused severe trouble within the Davis Cup team. Then there are the complaints from Cameroon that Noah never publicly recognizes Africa, that he has forsaken his heritage and hasn't paid his dues to his people. Ironically, it is the same cross Ashe once bore.

"I have never had a problem being black," says Noah in a soft, lyrical English that is almost perfect, or at least more euphonious than that of, say, McEnroe. "But the Cameroon Federation never helped me. The reason was my mother was white. Then they want me to say they helped me. It is too late. I have no responsibility to a race or to a country. Just to my family. In the United States people look at me funny. But I don't care. I don't need to have contact. Here, being No. 1 is more pressure than being black."

On Sunday, Noah could have tasted the tension as he faced Connors. Seventeen thousand people in Roland Garros urged him on as he served for the first set at 5-4. But Noah got a bad bounce, then was tentative with an overhead. He was broken at 15 as Connors ultimately won 12 of the last 14 points.

At 4-5, deuce, in the second set—Noah having just saved one set point—Connors delicately angled a backhand touch volley when Noah was trapped in the far corner. But he came roaring after the ball anyway, took a huge slide, which appeared to begin somewhere in the Bois de Boulogne, and finished up splaylegged, on his back and hurt. He came up limping. After a three-minute delay, Noah tried to serve, but he couldn't move for Connors' return and was forced to retire. "AB" the French write it. Abandonné.

"This guy is big and strong and solid off both sides," Connors said later. "The more confidence and experience he gets, the better he'll get." Jimbo was asked if Noah had a chance to intercept that ill-fated volley. "With those big strides, it's difficult for him to keep under control," Connors said. "He would have had to make a great shot, but he got pretty close."

Which is approximately where Noah seems to be relative to the elite class in his game. And getting closer. **END**

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OPEN QUESTION

In golf Tom Watson is No.1, but some prizes have eluded him. Next week he takes aim at the big one at Baltusrol

by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**





A 45-foot putt that just missed on the last day of the Colonial cost Watson plenty: a shot at first place and a \$254,000 prize.

CONTINUED

The middle-aged golf writer was following Tom Watson. He had achieved, more or less simultaneously with Watson (and in spite of a long detour behind the gallery ropes), the perimeter of the 7th green of the Augusta National course, where tributaries of traffic from the 3rd and 5th tees created an almost total strangulation of movement. From where he stood, there were five rows of moost fans encroaching on his vantage point, affording a view of Watson in action roughly equivalent to following the progress of a pot roast through the minute puns in an oven door.

The golf writer said it was his 26th Masters, and although he'd never been crazy about golf as subject matter, he liked being able to participate in this way. He compared it with holding hands at a séance while the central figure levitated overhead. Other writers, he said, covered the Masters from the clubhouse veranda, soaking up information from dispatches

and chance interviews, like war correspondents, but he preferred walking the course. He said getting out to watch Watson had become an increasingly enjoyable experience. He said that Watson had become his favorite, though he would never admit it to the public. He said that one by one he had been dispelling, at least to his own satisfaction, the "misconceptions" about Watson.

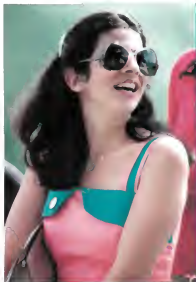
"Misconceptions?" his companion asked.

"Charisma," the golf writer said. "For one, they say Watson has no charisma, as if it were something great golfers carry around in their bags, like a sand wedge. I've been around them for 30 years, and only a very few—Snead, Palmer, Trevino—have what could properly be defined as charisma. Hogan had about as much charisma as a bounds marker. Byron Nelson was dull copy—his words—until he won 11 tournaments in a row. Then he became Lord Byron and was discovered to be eminently quotable. Nobody accused Nicklaus of having charisma until he lost all that weight and let his hair

grow. Up to then he was just a fat, brusque-talking, deadpan guy who offended half the world by beating the cars off Mr. Palmer."

The golf writer paused to participate with the gallery in a collective breath-gathering as one of the players on the green set to putt. He bobbed his head and craned his neck in an effort to catch a fragment of the action until a groan signaled the gallery's failure to get the putt home.

The heroes of the game, the golf writer said, were and are different, one from another, as Hogan was from Snead, "but they all had one charismatic quality in common: they took fewer shots to get the ball in the hole. Somehow, that eventually translates into charisma. Watson is now doing that better than anybody. And he's been doing it for three straight years. Leading money-winner. Most tour victories. Best stroke average. Player of the Year every year. Not even Nicklaus did that three years in a row, and Watson's doing it again this year. He has replaced Nicklaus as top dog, no question.



Fuzzy Zoeller says Watson has 'conquered the mind.'"

Yet, the writer's companion pointed out, Will Grimsley of the Associated Press thought Watson's lack of charisma was worth underlining before the Masters tournament when he wrote a tongue-in-cheek article listing "Lanny Watson and Tom Wadkins" among the possible winners. The joke, Grimsley said, was not aimed at in-and-outer Lanny Wadkins but at Watson for not being the identifiable hero he ought to be.

"A misconception," said the golf writer. "Watson happens to have a name that doesn't stick in your ear like Nicklaus or Trevino, that's all." Also, he said, there's the inevitable correlation between the critics' eyesight and where they have had their sentiments over the years. "Golf fans cling to their heroes longer than most. Look around out here—all the older people who follow golf. They wrung

their last competitive birdie out of Palmer before they embraced Nicklaus. It takes time in golf to be loved. What the general public hasn't realized yet is what an attractive guy Tom Watson is."

The golfers wrapped up business on the 7th green to polite applause. Watson, making his par, smiled and waved modestly, exposing the familiar gap between his front teeth. His looks are almost always compared with Huckleberry Finn's—nothing more charismatic than that, of course—but they are more on the order of a mature Ronny Howard's, if one can imagine Howard ever maturing. Orthodontic flaws notwithstanding, at 30 Watson is a handsome man. Thick, rust-colored hair, wayward in the Kennedy fashion; a slightly hawk-nosed profile reminiscent of—well, why not?—Redford. The smallish pupils of his bright, very light-blue eyes give him a look of intense awareness, like that

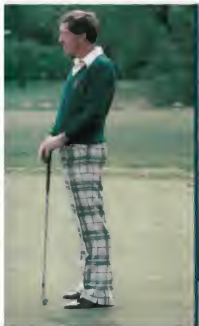
of a Weimaraner, and although he is of no more than medium build—5' 9",

160 pounds—his components suggest athleticism: narrow waist and sloping shoulders; a back layered across with muscle; conspicuously strong legs, like Snead and Nicklaus; and, most distinguishing, forearms as outsize as Alley Oop's. From his first year (1971) Watson has been one of the longer hitters on the tour. As with Snead, however, the blacksmith proved to have the touch of a surgeon. Watching him on a putting green at the Tucson Open in 1972, Bert Yancey was heard to say, "There's the next Arnold Palmer."

"They all complain about the 'sameness' on the tour now," said the golf writer, moving to the 8th tee. "All the young guys with Hollywood tans and hairdos, who would leave identical imprints if you put their hands in wet cement. Or no imprints at all. It's not true. It's just a cop-out for the fact that TV ratings are plummeting. But even if it were true, you'd have to say that Watson at least looks like an improvement. But forget appearances. The thing about him I like is that he's bright as hell, without being arrogant, a

continued

Watson's assets include his wife, Linda, who keeps track of everything, his father, Ray, who introduced him to golf, Stan Thirk, his first pro, who did not fool up his natural talent, and his incandescent smile





Backed up by Linda, Watson won the 1977 British Open

much twist. Some guys complain that he's a dull interview. That's a misconception. He's only as dull as an interviewer makes him. We've gotten used to Nicklaus as an expert on everything—golf courses, travel, fatherhood, wines. The guys call Nicklaus *Kanakis the Magnificent*."

"Karnac?"

"The Johnny Carson character who gives you the answers before you give him the questions. At the press conference yesterday we were instructed to ask Jack only 'pertinent' questions. Don't waste his time with impertinence. But Watson might even be interested in what you have to say. And when you challenge his thinking a little, you discover he's up on almost everything—politics, the human condition."

"Wine?"

"Yes, that, too. Almost all the younger players came out of college, but for

most, college was just a place to spruce up their golf game. It had nothing to do with intellectual pursuits. Watson graduated from Stanford with a degree in psychology. Gary Player says that's a 'wonderful thing' for a golfer. He says golf is made for psychology—all the mental suffering, all those lonely walks between shots when you have to think about what to do instead of just reacting to a rap on the head. Gary digs mental suffering and brainy explanations for success in golf."

Watson's drive off the 8th tee evaporated into the warm Georgia air and then materialized, skipping, far up the fairway. As is his custom, he came off the tee as if he could hardly wait to get another crack at the ball. Actually, he appears not to walk so much as to thrust himself forward, his upper body pushing ahead like the prow of a ship plowing into an oncoming sea. His stride is so long and brisk that an ordinary man almost has to trot to keep up.

"It's much easier to write about style than about substance," the golf writer remarked as he moved down the edge of the fairway. "Watson

manages his emotions very carefully. He doesn't throw clubs. He doesn't dance on the greens or crack jokes. He doesn't even lurch up his pants. Chi Chi Rodriguez says that golf is crying for more interesting personalities, that there are too many businessmen on the tour who take from it without putting back. Chi Chi thinks Watson is getting along better with the limelight and might even find himself liking it one of these days, but he wishes he had more *pizzazz*. A lot of people say that. That's another misconception because you don't have to roar to be a lion. Tom's not an introvert, he's just not a song-and-dance man. Trevino can't play without talking to everybody he comes in contact with on the course. Watson couldn't play if he did. And you'll never find him at the bar on Saturday night, catering to well-wishers. Part of that is his background."

The golf writer said he had found Watson's background "a bundle of paradoxes, made to order for misconceptions." For example, though born into a conservative, affluent Midwestern family and a product of expensive private schools, he had been a budding liberal at Stanford, where he marched against the Vietnam war. (The golf writer noted that Watson had since made a "small but attractive" swing back to the right.) "He was taught the game as a little lad by his father, whose grandfather was Isaac Newton Watson, a lawyer who helped break the Pendergast ring in Missouri. His father preceded Tom at Stanford. They're very close."

Then, he said, there was the matter of the Kansas City Country Club, where Tom was virtually raised. "The country club. That's all you have to say in Kansas City. A bastion of social progress right out of *Gentleman's Agreement*. If your name is Goldstein, don't get your hopes up. So when Tom marries, whom does Tom marry? A very lovely, very sensitive and very outspoken Jewish girl. When they had their daughter last year, some boob asked him in what religion he and Linda were going to raise the child. Tom said, 'Shi'te Muslim.' I love it."

Watson reached the green far ahead of the golf writer, who, tiring perceptibly, pulled up short. He said that under the circumstances another ring of impenetrable flesh around a golf hole had no appeal for him. He thought he might cut across to the back side to watch Player suffer.

"But the worst misconception of all was that Watson was a choker," he said as he and his companion turned to go. "Golf writers are like boxing writers when it comes to gauging courage under fire. A boxer gets dumped a couple times, and all the columnists start advising him to retire. If writers and sportscasters retired every time they fell on their faces, there'd be an epidemic of job openings in the media. Golf writers can make a pair of double bogeys sound suspiciously like a yellow streak. Watson suddenly started winning. Then he started blowing tournaments in the final round, the way Snead used to, and words like 'apple' started appearing in stories. The *New York Times* speculated that maybe Watson was 'too smart.' A television golf analyst talked about 'taking the pipe.' He didn't know a pipe from a peasant."

"What happened was that Watson

continued

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dared to be the best—he said so at a banquet in Kansas City. That was his goal. Palmer says Watson is the best now. Nicklaus says Watson is the smartest. Wadkins says Watson works harder at it than anybody. But there are 200 guys out here who could win major tournaments, too. Instead, they stay in the inside lane where it's safer and take their 10th-place check and go home. The money that's available is staggering. Byron Nelson says if you can walk 72 holes you can win \$100,000 on the tour these days, and it's true. To give you the best example: Snead has won 84 tournaments, way more than anybody ever, and has earned only \$620,126. Tom Kite has won two tournaments and \$866,205. Watson won more than \$460,000 in 1979 alone. He put his head above the crowd, like Nicklaus and Palmer and Trevino did before him. But when he wasn't quite ready to win all the time, we called him a choker."

The writer shook his head. "One last story to sum him up," he said. "I was told this by Jack Weiss, who runs the New Orleans tournament. Weiss realizes

that the New Orleans Open will never be the highlight of the tour, but it's a good tournament and one of the reasons why these guys can get rich without being conspicuous. Watson has been a regular at New Orleans over the years, and he and Linda and the Weisses have become close friends.

"Weiss was at Sawgrass for the Tournament Players Championship, and Tom called him up. He said, 'I have to see you, we've got a problem.' Weiss said he figured Tom was going to tell him he couldn't make his tournament this year. That happens a lot—a guy gets special treatment from the folks at a minor tournament when he's a nobody and then doesn't even say hello when he starts winning big. Weiss told Watson he needn't waste valuable time coming over, he could tell him on the phone, but Watson insisted. He said he and Linda and the baby would be right there. When Weiss put down the phone, his wife said that was typical of Watson—"He has too much class to just cancel out by telephone."

"But when Watson got there, he didn't cancel at all. He said, 'Jack, I'm terribly sorry I've got a scheduling problem and won't be able to be there on Monday. I'll make it by Tuesday instead.' Weiss was elated, of course. 'That,' he said, 'is class.'"

The Kansas City Country Club has an understated elegance. The architecture is simple (no glassy entranceways, no synthetic facades); the color scheme, like the membership of 572, is all white. There is a long waiting list. On a day early this spring, when the club was closed for alterations, its most famous member drove his Honda Accord into the empty parking lot, removed his golf bag and shoes from the back and went around to the pro shop to prepare for an afternoon's work. "My office," Watson said, indicating the impeccable landscape, still mostly devoid of new growth. Ordinarily, he said, he does not invite visitors into his office; access to his impressive new four-bedroom French Provincial home in Mission Hills and to his private telephone number are equally limited. He had, however, only recently discovered to what lengths his efforts "not to open every phase of my life to 10 million people" had taken him. At a meeting with the editors of *The Kansas City Star* and *The*

Times, he had asked why his hometown paper covered only the four major golf tournaments, and therefore did not report firsthand on his play in smaller—but still significant—events. Sports columnist Mike McKenzie explained that Tom was virtually a stranger to him, that in order to arrange for a chat he had to call Tom's agent, Chuck Rubin, who is also Tom's lawyer and brother-in-law. "I called your brother-in-law," McKenzie said, "and he said, 'You can see Tom in November.' This was July." The meeting provided a mutual breakthrough. *The Star* substantially increased its golf budget to allow McKenzie and others to cover more tournaments, and Watson gave McKenzie his private number. McKenzie now writes knowingly of what he calls the "fourth franchise in Kansas City," lumping Watson with the Chiefs, the Royals and the Kings.

Stan Thirk, the pro at the club for 19 years, and two of his assistants were in the pro shop. Thirk busy himself with making inventory, his assistants with putting balls at a group of tees standing upside down on the carpet. The tees were arranged to approximate the placement of the pins in bowling. The object was to knock the tees down—to "strike"—with a single putt. The putter they were using had progs protruding from the face of the blade on either side of the sweet spot. The least mis-stroke sent the ball skidding off at a crazy angle. Intrigued, Watson joined the contest.

"He can't resist competition," said Thirk. "And if he's in it, he wants to win it." Lank and limby, with the faded hair and red-rimmed eyes of a man committed to a life in the sun, Thirk has been Watson's mentor for almost 20 years, since the time Tom was 11. Ray Watson, Tom's father and original teacher, turned his son over to Thirk at that point. Actually, Thirk says, he first saw Watson at age six, hitting golf balls solidly with a cut-down spade masher (roughly a 6½ iron) his father had got from Stewart Irons of St. Andrews. "At that age you don't have to throw a lot of information at a kid," Thirk says. "You let him imitate. Tom's dad was a scratch golfer, a club champion. He has an excellent swing, long and upright. Tom simply imitated Ray Watson's swing."

But what is now perceived as the smooth, almost Snead-like Watson swing and the courtly Watson manner had a fe-

continued



Palms of victory clapped at the 1977 Masters



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rocious drive to excel, says Thirsk, who considers it unfortunate that the drive is only likely to become apparent when Watson is away from the public eye. "He is always a gentleman, of course," says Thirsk, "but you should see him throw down the cards when he loses at bridge. About a month after he took a double bogey while leading in the final round of the 1978 PGA championship, he was driving us all to dinner, and the wives were saying what tremendous willpower he had shown, not blowing up. He said, 'Yeah, well, what I really wanted to say was ----,' and he stomped on the gas pedal."

Even without the advantages an athlete is believed to derive from having endured grinding poverty or a broken home or a puny body, Watson's drive was gathering momentum in those earliest days. "Some of the members used to come in and say, 'Who's that cute little kid out there hitting balls? He's been out there for hours,'" says Thirsk. Before Watson was in his teens, he was competing regularly with his father, Thirsk and a long-time family friend, Bob Willis, another scratch golfer, playing \$2 Nassaus. To toughen his hands for the game—and to cover his losses—he was required to trim his father's 125 rose bushes. Ray now proudly acknowledges that Tom was "beating me at 13, and outdriving me at 14," the year he won the city championship in match play. In the 36-hole finals, Watson was two holes down after the morning round. During the lunch break, his opponent spotted him playing pool in the clubhouse. "He's really worried, isn't he?" the opponent said. Watson won, four and two. A year later Thirsk matched Watson with Arnold Palmer in a charity benefit. "He always liked to play before crowds, that's why I knew he'd do well on the tour," Thirsk says. "With everybody there to see Palmer, Tom zinged one 300 yards off the 1st tee. Palmer said, 'Who's this?' Tommy loved it. He was a ham at 15."

Watson is no ham now, of course, and the rigid control that marks him is a reflection of his father, says Thirsk. At 62, Ray looks the way every successful, Midwestern-conservative insurance executive should: stern-eyed and poker straight, a graying man in gray suits and knit ties who never saw the need to abandon the crew cut. None of the Watson boys were babied, Thirsk says, but Tom "inherited his dad's stubborn streak,"

and it apparently made the two of them more compatible. Unlike older brother Ridge and younger brother John, Tom always came back for more. The father and son hunted and fished and played golf together, and Ray gloried in his boy's ability to eventually outdo him. "When he was 13 or 14," Ray says, "I'd be pulling on a bird, and as I was getting ready to shoot, it'd be falling."

Sportsmanship was nothing to be toyed with. Ray himself had gone through a club-throwing period as a youngster. Thirsk likes to repeat the well-known story of the time when, while playing with three older men, the teenage Ray threw one club too many. "Everyone got a club out of his bag and threw it at Ray's legs," Thirsk says. "He was hopping up and down, and they said, 'Go, and don't come back until you can play like a gentleman.'"

When Watson was competing in the Western Amateur in Rockford, Ill., as a 19-year-old and was trying to "be cool when I had nothing to be cool about," he was quoted in the newspapers as complaining that Rockford "doesn't have much of a night life." The next voice he heard was that of his father, calling long distance: "What's this about 'night life'?" As late as 1975, at a banquet in Kansas City, when Watson said he wanted to be the best, his father told him, "Say it to me, but not in public." Even today, Ray wastes no flattery on his son. "His swing is too long," the father says. "Tommy will never see the day he can hit like Snead." Then the old man adds coyly, "But who can?"

Young Tom won four Missouri state amateur championships, but then when he went to Stanford he went without a golf scholarship, and a career on the tour was only an idea in the back of his mind. His college play was spotty; he won only two tournaments in four years and was, Thirsk says, "constantly tearing his swing apart." It was not until his senior year in 1971 that he decided he wanted to try the tour. The revelation did not thrill the girl he wanted to marry.

Linda Rubin first met Thomas Sturges Watson when they were in junior high. A dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty, Linda was trying out for a lead in *The Pirates of Penzance* when Stage Manager Watson advised her to get her tush out there on

the stage. She advised him to manage his mouth. True love bounced along from there. On their first date, he was caught smoking a cigarette and was suspended from school for three days. Upon graduation from high school, Watson went west to Palo Alto, Linda east to a junior college in Pennsylvania—"to be as far away as possible." After completing her two years there, however, she enrolled at Mills College for women in Oakland—"to be as close as possible." When Watson asked her to marry him, she said no. Being part of a close, success-oriented family of her own, Linda doubted the practicality of slogging around after a golf ball for a living. She wanted her husband mostly in one place, and home by six.

After his first year on the tour, Watson came to Thirsk for a talk. "He hadn't won anything, but his dad and Linda's dad and Willis and a couple others were sponsoring him, and he was encouraged about his game," Thirsk recalls. "But when the sun goes down," he said, "I hate it." He said he was going to ask Linda again. They discussed the possible reaction at the club.

"Some people can be vicious," Thirsk told him. "You may hear some things. Does it matter?"

"No."

"Then marry her."

Linda, says Thirsk, is now Tom's "greatest asset." She doesn't just "fill him with chicken wings and send him out to play." She handles the books, figures the expenses right down to cab fares, makes sure he gets the best room and the best car and then, when it's all over, she writes appreciative thank-you notes to appreciative tournament directors. "They're a team," says Thirsk.

The game with the tees broke up. Watson had made a strike. He loaded his clubs on a cart and zipped out to the empty course, cutting across familiar fairways. "I know how lucky I am," he said, driving with one hand. "Doing what I love to do, knowing there is no way I can justify the money I make [Watson is now third on the all-time money-winners list with \$2,030,958]. But that's what the freedom we have in this country is all about. Nobody in China can do that."

"When I went to Stanford I was taking economics courses. I switched to psychology, not because I had any plans to use it. I just decided I didn't want to be a vice-president of a corporation. I fig-

continued

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WATSON

continued

ured the thing I did best was the thing I wanted to do most, play golf. It's never dull for me, never a job. Every time I tee up it's a new challenge."

"When you said you wanted to be the best, was that a legitimate goal?" he was asked.

"Yes, I think I'd want to be the best at anything I did. That might not be realistic, but it's the way I feel." He said that money was never the object, although he realized it is easy to say that when the pressure to put food on the table is not what it used to be for professional golfers.

"A year or so ago Mark McCormack was trying to drum up a million-dollar winner-take-all match between you and Nicklaus. Sandy Tatum, president of the USGA, argued that neither of you would be interested in such an event, that it would be a sham."

"Absolutely. It would cheat the game, because it's not the way the game is played."

"But if you had a choice of winning a million dollars or the U.S. Open, which would it be?"

"That's a loaded question. You want me to say the Open, because I haven't won it and want to more than anything. To be considered the best, you have to win the biggest tournaments. But it would depend on where I was in my career. If I was struggling to make ends meet, I might take the money and run."

"Now?"

"I'd love to win the Open. I'm probably putting too much pressure on myself now to do it, like Sam Snead did. Last year I took two weeks off before the Open. I never did that before. And I began to lose the mechanics. I was fighting it even before I left for Inverness. I tried to tell everybody, but they wouldn't listen. I shot 75-77 and missed the cut. I won't take two weeks off again."

At a remote place on the periphery of the course, Watson pulled up. A large expanse of open ground spread before him.

He emptied a bag of new balls onto the ground, speckling the brown grass still bent hard by the winter. He said that he never resented having to wait for the spring thaw; that the various seasons had given him a chance to play other sports—he was a good high school quarterback and basketball guard. Later he had found the winter layoff from golf refreshing.

He began to hit the glistening white balls, first with a short iron. Little patches of earth tore away. Down range, an enlarged duplicate of the pattern of balls in front of him began to evolve.

"The best thing my father taught me was to learn to hit *all* the shots," he said. "High, low, left, right. 'Hit with a purpose,' he said. 'Make something happen.' Working the ball is a lost art on the tour—being able to play a full range of shots under all conditions. You have to play no matter how bad the weather is, and you'd better learn how. I like bad weather. You can make comebacks in bad weather. It's tougher to

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He talked about tournaments he had won in rain and wind, about winning the Heritage on Hilton Head Island last year when "I was so sick that I knew if I lost I'd have a good excuse." He talked about the one-iron he hit 190 yards dead to the pin at the 2nd hole at Muirfield during the 1979 Memorial, when the wind-chill factor was 13° and he was so bundled up in a rain suit that he looked inflated.

Yes, he said, he frequently found himself the last man off the practice tee, and dusk often caught him on the putting green. He said it was a matter of wanting to be there. "Snead used to say, 'To win you have to have talent and desire, but desire is first.' When I started, I had no illusions. Nothing was expected of me. I had to qualify for every tournament for two years, and that meant I had to work hard. I believe in hard work."

He switched irons. Down range a new pattern began to form, on the edge of a steep incline and a tangle of trees. He called the spot "coffin corner," and shot after shot went there, tempting the trees and the brink of the incline.

He said that tempo had always been his biggest problem—swinging "too fast." Now he was concentrating on opening his right hip a little more on the take-away. He said he had been "locking it in." The difference was undetectable to the untrained eye; he had to exaggerate to show it.

"You can't conquer this game," he said. "But when you can get close, it's the best. You have to be dedicated because it's a naturally frustrating game. A six on a hole can ruin a day, or lose a tournament. That's the first thing you learn as a kid, how frustrating it is. The right grip is an unnatural grip. You can't blame the club, or the conditions, or the weather. You can't blame the team, because it's just you. If you miss, you have to come out here and find out why."

"There are no great secrets. You have to have good setup, good posture. You have to have good hand-eye coordination. You have to have balance. Nobody with bad balance ever wins at golf. I've never seen Snead go off balance. Once, maybe." Striking the ball, he said, required the release of tension, but the tension "had to hold through impact, like a uniformly uncoiling spring." That factor holds true no matter how the swing looks.

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WATSON
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he said, "Trevino has a flat swing, but he holds it through the impact zone."

Watson imitated the flat Trevino swing, producing a facsimile that was remarkable in its accuracy. The ball flew down the fairway and landed in the middle of the target area.

He began to examine the game as others have played it and are playing it. Intoxicated by his own deep interest, he used words like "supinate" and "pronate," and he talked about Hogan and Nelson and Tommy Bolt as if he had been a witness to their heydays. He demonstrated a particularly awkward-looking swing. "Bobby Locke came over here from South Africa and swung like this [the ball flew into coffin corner], and he beat everybody. They hated him." He said that of the players today Palmer had the best grip. Pate had good tempo and Irwin and Wadkins had good swings. Knudson and Sneed, too. "But I'm very critical of swings," he said. He said he still goes out to watch Sneed. No, he said, he does not watch Nicklaus.

He switched to a wood. The ball took off, straight and high. That was a mistake, he said; he never really tried to hit a ball perfectly straight because it was too hard to do consistently and increased the margin of error. He tried always to hook or slice, fade or draw, gauging the amount needed.

He began to hit balls as he would on specific holes on specific courses, announcing beforehand their unique demands: "Here, the 10th at Augusta—you've got to have a sweeping hook." The ball instead went almost dead straight. He grinned and raised his eyebrows.

"What you're always after is the repetitive swing," he said. "The swing you can count on all the time, especially under pressure. In Japan in 1976, I hit a 40-yard wedge shot that I thought was about the prettiest shot I'd ever made. I said, 'Why can't I do that every time?' It's an endless quest. Hogan said golf's a game of missed shots, and he's right. When you miss, you have to have enough faith in your swing so that you won't keep missing. Your confidence has to advance with your ability to make the shots. If they don't advance together, one will bring the other down."

That's what happened to him in those awful breakdowns before 1977, he said. "Some of them were chokes, when I was in a position to win and didn't. The cri-

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WATSON

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icism was a little unfair because what people didn't realize was that I just wasn't a good enough player. I couldn't count on my swing."

In 1974, at age 24, Watson led the U.S. Open after three rounds at Winged Foot. On the last day, in the rain, he had nine bogeys and a 79 and finished five strokes behind Hale Irwin. A year later, at Medinah, he opened with a 67 and a 68, tying an Open record, but then ballooned to a 78 and 77 to finish in the rack. Preparing to hit out of a trap on the third day—he says he will never forget it—Watson became aware of a man whispering to him from the gallery. "Remember Winged Foot?" Like Javert dogging Jean Valjean, the man trailed around after him, repeating the grim advice whenever he was near enough. Watson says it did not make him mad, but it stung him.

After that, there were sensational last-round crackups at the Tournament Players Championship and the Heritage Classic in 1977, and those who had predicted his flight to the top were obliged to wonder if Watson would ever get off the runway. But out of these failures a friendship was born that was to help him significantly. Byron Nelson had taken an interest in Watson in 1974 when he followed him step for step the last nine holes of the Doral Open. Nelson says he "liked his makeup," his "aggressiveness" and his "power of concentration." He even liked Watson's "freckle-faced grin."

While Linda waited in the rain outside the clubhouse at Winged Foot after her husband's pratfall in 1974, Nelson went into the locker room, "betting he'd still be in there by himself." Watson was, Nelson says, "and the most down I ever saw him. He's such a positive thinker, he never really gets down. 'Sorry, Tom,' I said and got him a Coke. 'Want to talk about it?' He said, 'I don't have much to say.' I told him these things happen when you're on the verge of your first major championship and really don't understand the pressure you've put on yourself if you haven't got your game in order. He looked up and said, 'What in the world did I do wrong?' I told him a few things—his motion was a little fast, as I remember, and he needed to relax his right side some and keep his legs driving through the shots—but nothing really major. I said, 'Anytime you want to talk, . . .'"

Watson is now a member of the Preston Trail Country Club, where Nelson

plays in Dallas, and the Watsons are frequent guests at the Nelson ranch in nearby Roanoke. Two or three times a year Watson catches a morning flight out of Kansas City, meets Nelson at Preston Trail, practices three or four hours and flies home for dinner. Mainly, what Nelson gives Watson is something his father and Thirk could not possibly provide—an understanding of what it takes to win in major competition.

Before the 1975 British Open, Watson and Nelson chatted before each round. On the last day, with bad weather setting in, Nelson met him in the prefront. "Tom, I haven't been giving you much advice, but I'd like to today," he said. "You don't ordinarily carry one shot on to the next, but this is one time you will have to forget what happens. You might miss three shots in a row here, then make the next one and still be O.K." Watson sank a 20-foot birdie putt on the last hole of regulation play to tie and won the playoff.

But it was not until 1977, Watson said, that his ability finally came level with his confidence. In Barcelona, playing in a special tournament with eight other golfers, he shot a 61 on the last day and said he felt as if he had found "the repetitive swing." The next week at Turnberry in Scotland, he rallied from three shots down to take the British Open from under Jack Nicklaus' nose. The last 36 holes were Watson vs. Nicklaus and have been called "the finest head-to-head competition ever played." On the final day, Watson shot a 65 to Nicklaus' 66. His knockout blow was a 60-foot birdie putt on the 15th hole. At the Masters earlier that year, the two had been tied for the lead with only two holes to play, and Watson won by two shots.

The speckled patterns multiplied down the practice range. Finally, Watson took out his driver, set up and swung. The impact made a crisp, cracking noise, the unmistakable sound of a well-hit golf ball. The ball got up slowly, like a large bird coming off a perch, and then appeared to gain speed and height all at once until, at the top, it seemed to suspend itself in the air, like a tiny satellite. Watson, still poised in his follow-through, let his right hand come off the club and his customized right arm swing to his side. His arm dangled there, pendulum-like, as he watched the ball land beyond the last row of trees and bound across a road.

Tom Watson's favorite restaurant in Kansas City is a barbecue joint on the east side of town called Arthur Bryant's. Owned and operated by blacks, Bryant's serves cafeteria style; the décor is functional, the barbecue sauce uncommonly hot. Watson and Chuck Rubin call the sauce "the elixir." Rubin has a scar on his desk he swears resulted from a spilled order to go.

When friends come to town, Watson carts them to Bryant's for lunch. They wait in line just like everybody else and, like everybody else, scramble for a place to sit. This is not an attempt on Watson's part to affect the common touch but, rather, a manifestation of his appreciation of good food. When he is on the road, Watson gravitates to such places in a never-ending search for home-style cooking and unaffected ambience.

At Jacksonville Beach, where he goes when playing at Sawgrass, he is most likely to wind up at The Homestead. There he can order fried chicken wings, his favorite food, in quantities suited to his hefty appetite. On the day before this year's TPC, Watson escorted two friends to The Homestead and, after a round of drinks, negotiated with the waitress for an increase in the standard order of chicken wings.

"How many do you usually serve?" he said.

"Four, Tom," said the waitress, a sturdily built blonde with a slight overbite. She had recognized him immediately and was obviously pleased to have him drop by.

"Can I have six?"

"Of course," she said, grinning.

Before the order was served, the waitress reappeared carrying a baby, presenting the child to Tom as if to receive a blessing.

"Yours?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I'm not married. I'm one of the few people around here who isn't."

Watson smiled without comment. When she left he said, "I think she just told us she wishes she were."

"I think she just told you more than that," a friend said.

The meal practically covered the table, and Watson attacked it with enthusiasm. Conversation was loose and freewheeling. He seemed to enjoy it most when there was something to argue about.

"Whom do you like for President?"

"Nobody," he said. He said his politics, in effect, had become the politics of frustration. The economy. The foul-ups overseas. It was suggested that foreign affairs could make a hacker out of anybody and that Carter might not have been aware of what the Iranians would do if we took the Shah in.

"I don't believe that for a minute," Watson said.

"Were you into politics at Stanford?"

"I went there pro-Vietnam. I wrote an English paper defending our involvement. The professor wrote back a long answer—I'm not sure you have the complete picture." He suggested some books. I finally realized we didn't belong in Vietnam. I voted for McGovern."

But he said he was not a doctrinaire, and although he might not be considered your typical "right-wing golf pro," he was a long way from being a liberal. He had supported Gerald Ford in '76. He said golf pros "are at a disadvantage, living as we do. I don't talk to people on welfare. I never see the side of life Linda has seen. She worked for the Alameda County Welfare Department in California, helping with ghetto kids. But that doesn't mean I can't appreciate their plight."

And, he said, his older brother Ridge "keeps me honest." Ridge had been in the Peace Corps in Thailand, had preceded Tom at Stanford and is now getting a master's degree in enology.

"Enology?"

"Wine. He's a wine expert." Tom said his younger brother, John, was now acting in San Francisco. He said he didn't think his father was crazy about that.

The conversation ebbed and flowed. Watson said he had taken flying lessons in 1977 to "relax," only to discover that he was taking his life into his hands, and what was so relaxing about that? Somebody used the word "statistic" and he stopped to ask what it meant. He said he knew how easily words got abused. He had recently written a letter to *Q&A Magazine* protesting having been quoted as being anti-nuclear power. "The fact is, I'm in favor of it," he said. "It makes more sense to build nuclear power plants than it does to stockpile nuclear bombs." He wondered why more people didn't protest that.

He said that the one thing about the tour that remains the same year after year is how family matters get to be prom-

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ment topics, "because in crisis they can affect you greatly." He and Linda had had friendships battered by divorce, the John Mahaffeys, and the Hubert Greens. Linda, he said, had gotten a little gun shy, holding marriage as sacred as she does. She could not sanction the idea of "having a little something on the side." He said they now often shared living quarters on the road with Bob Murphy and his wife, Gail, and "got along great."

The question of "image" came up, and he wondered how one gets to be a "colorful man." He pointed out that he found New York cab drivers extremely colorful, but so rude that he hated to take a cab in New York. "You don't have to be ugly," he said. "Is it colorful to throw your clubs and curse little kids?" He said there seemed to be no end to what people imagined to be colorful. He thought hordes were colorful, but other people looked for other things when a golfer came into view. Somebody actually counted the number of times Arnold Palmer hitched his pants during a round of golf.

"How many times did he do it?"

"Over 300."

One of his companions wondered if what people really wanted in their heroes was character, not color.

"I'm not so sure," Watson said. "Did Babe Ruth have character?"

Once, he said, he came close to hiring Mark McCormack to do his image-making, but could not quite come to grips with the idea of committing himself to so many outside obligations. "The things an agent generates, he deserves a share of," he said. "But not your golf game." Chuck Rubin works strictly on a lawyer's basis for an hourly wage. Business, in fact, is booming, Watson said. He is linked in one way or another with Armstrong tires, Ram sporting goods, Fila clothes, Dexter shoes, E.F. Hutton investments, Dunlop golf clubs of Japan and Toshiba television of Japan. Rubin handles quality control. But Watson has no interest in spreading himself too thin, as sports heroes are wont to do when the chances to cash in come scalding. He said that he fully expects to reach a point any day now when he will have to say, "That's it, that's all I have time for." Already he resents some of the time he has been forced

to spend away from Linda and the baby.

"What about Nicklaus?" he was asked. Did he think he deserved to be called the new Nicklaus?

"Not really. You're talking about maybe the greatest golfer of all time. He's won 17 major championships, I've won three. When you compare anybody with the greatest, you need more to go on. I'd accept the responsibility of being his successor, but I'm really just starting."

Watson did not win the TPC. He finished third, two strokes back of the winner, Trevino. In only five tournaments this year has he not seriously challenged for the lead, the Masters, in which he wound up tied for 12th, being one of them. He then went on an incredible tear in which he won his next three tournaments, leading from first round to last in each of them. By the start of June, his money winnings for the year had soared to more than \$350,000, and he was once more the force to reckon with as the U.S. Open drew near.

Linda arrived at Sawgrass with six-month-old Meg in her arms. The next day, having secured a baby-sitter, she put on golf shoes and trooped around after her husband, chatting happily with friends and new acquaintances as she walked. She is a marvelously animated young woman and clearly enjoys having an audience.

She said that she'd never had it in mind to be Tom's "silent partner" and that maybe she had been a little too outspoken at the start. "I made waves," she said. "Some of the wives told me you don't do the things I did when you're a rookie. But most of those who told me that aren't out here anymore." As far as "problems" at the Kansas City Country Club were concerned, there really hadn't been any. She said she "couldn't believe some of the stupid things people say, but I think they bother Tom more than they do me. Like my father used to tell me, 'They're the losers, not you.'"

She compared the first night she and Tom had spent on the road in 1973—a \$10-a-night room in a Ramada Inn with one lamp and a 15-watt bulb "to hide the dirt"—to the posh town house they had been able to rent at Sawgrass, and she noted wryly how, as Tom became more prominent and prosperous, more and more feminine eyes turned his way—without turning Tom's head. "You can

spot 'em," she said. "The platinum hair, the spiked heels. I heard one of them say she just loved Tom's tush. Another one came up to me on the course and said, 'Hi, Linda,' as if she knew me—or wanted me to think she knew Tom. I could hardly keep from laughing. I said to Tom, 'Who was that?' She obviously didn't know Tom Watson."

According to Linda, the sad thing is that not many people really know the Tom Watson she knows. The Watson who sings to his baby daughter, The Watson who, when playing in the L.A. Open last February, spent his time away from the course consoling a friend whose wife was dying of cancer. The Watson who, with boyish pleasure, engaged in a fruit-throwing contest between balconies at a hotel after a tournament in Hawaii. And the Watson who cried after winning the 1977 British Open at Turnberry in Scotland.

They were getting ready to celebrate that victory, she said, and had gone to the window to look out over the emptying course. It was near dusk, and suddenly they heard some bagpipes—some pipers walking up a road toward the hotel—and "there was just something about it." And all of a sudden they were both crying.

"Tom is Tom," she said. "He's never going to be anything else, or try to be things he isn't. He's not the automaton he's made out to be. If people can't see the human being, the warm, compassionate, loving man that I know, they're just misreading him, that's all."

The next day turned up raw and breezy at Sawgrass. Playing on the 3rd hole, Watson was interrupted by the crash of a chain of portable toilets flopping over from a gust of wind. He quickly sent his caddy, Bruce Edwards, to make sure nobody was trapped inside. "What a way to go," he said, imagining the headline "Man drowns in Port-O-Let."

He had had two straight bogeys when he reached the 8th hole. The 8th borders the row of town houses that included the one he and Linda and the Murphys were occupying. As he moved along the fairway, striding after his drive, he suddenly turned and ducked under the restraining ropes and walked over to where Linda was standing holding Meg. He kissed the baby tenderly and crooned softly. "Oh, you must have been a beautiful baby..."

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE SHAM AND THE SHAME (CONT.)

Sir:

Regarding John Underwood's article on the student-athlete hoax (*Special Report: The Writing Is on the Wall*, May 19), it is amazing to me that although much has been written on this subject, little is being done to stop corruption in college athletics.

I am a graduate of a major Southwestern university, and I know firsthand of some of the excesses that occur when it comes to achieving "the winning spirit." I took classes that are described as "Mickey Mouse" and, indeed, many of them were—not because their content was not academic or useful, but because those "taught" by coaches were often farces. Of course, there were coaches who were very competent teachers, but some never showed up in class (an assistant did the teaching) and others required us students to "help out" at meets or games. The athletes in the "major" sports always seemed to get A's. These kinds of practices have obviously been going on for years, as I graduated in 1967.

The point is that good courses in the theory and practice of coaching are needed so that the next generation doesn't have the idea that winning is everything.

Whenever I give money to my alma mater, I always specify that it go to the library. This way I can be assured that the athletic department won't get its hands on it, and athletes who don't belong in the university will certainly not benefit, because the library is one place you'll never find them.

ED NIXON
Pittsburgh

Sir:

I'm black, 6'10" tall and from Los Angeles. I attended four high schools in three years in pursuit of my dearest and biggest dream—becoming a professional athlete. I have just participated in four years of basketball competition at the NCAA Division I level, yet the dream will not come true.

After reading your article by John Underwood, I wondered: Am I to comprehend what was written? Do I actually have the ability to write this letter? According to your article, I have less than a 50% chance. My situation was no different than that of anyone else you spoke of in that article concerning the classroom. I just thought I'd let you know.

JOHN MAYFIELD
Boise State University
Boise, Idaho

Sir:

In my 12 years as a secondary-school teacher, I have seen many of our young people fall prey to the student-athlete hoax. We teach-

ers try so hard to get our athletes to see some of the pitfalls mentioned in your article, but they don't believe us. I pray they will believe you. I am preserving my copy of the article, and I plan to use it as a teaching aid in my high school and university classes.

JOLENE E. WALLACE
Dayton

Sir:

John Underwood's article should be mandatory reading for all school administrators and coaches at all grade levels!

BOB WILLIAMSON
Edmonds, Wash.

Sir:

John Underwood presents a bleak and unimpressive picture of academic misdeeds and exploitation of athletes by a segment of the nation's college coaches and university officials. As a college football coach for 12 years (at four major universities), I resent the implication that the coaching profession has no regard for the athlete except for his playing ability. The sports public should know that the nation's colleges and universities have hundreds of coaches, in all sports, who are committed to the present and future welfare of the youngsters they coach.

The academic welfare of college athletes has become more and more of a problem as public educational standards have declined and the value structure of our society has been drastically altered. Even so, with sound planning, reliable counseling, assistance from existing university sources and encouragement from coaches, a young athlete can overcome a poor academic background and establish a foundation for a productive future. College athletics has its faults, which can be corrected, but it can also take pride in the thousands of educated, successful men in our society who were college athletes.

LARRY BECKSH
Assistant Football Coach
Wichita State University
Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

Were you listening to what Billy Harris said about you? "We were ranked 20th and got featured in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*." You feed the myth that Harris so avidly believed.

Many colleges—Division III schools especially—conform to standards even more rigorous than those John Underwood proposes. However, their unranked teams won't sell out 100,000-seat stadiums or national magazines even if their athletes do graduate and go on to professional and graduate schools.

ALFRED KERN
USAF Academy, Colo

Sir:

There is really only one cause: TV money. When millions of dollars are being dangled in front of winning teams, it's absurdly idealistic to believe that winning will be subordinated to morality.

BOE LIGHTMAN
Miami

Sir:

While I agreed with John Underwood's analysis of the prevalence of deceit and exploitation in sports, I was concerned that he did not acknowledge the success black colleges historically have had in providing black and white athletes educational opportunities and in graduating large numbers of them. This story remains to be told.

LEONARD L. HAYNES III
Director
Office for the Advancement of
Public Negro Colleges
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Those of us associated with college athletics know there have been problems related to academic goals and athletic eligibility, but until this year few of us knew cheating was so extensive. It makes one wonder what collegiate sport is all about. Yet everyone knows the problem has to do with winning. Fewer and fewer coaches, administrators, alumni or fans really care how it is accomplished, as long as the bottom line is victory.

However, until the NCAA makes radical changes in its enforcement and penalty systems, the problems will continue to escalate. Coaches must respect the underlying principles of the NCAA if they are to follow its rules. Few coaches do respect them. Most of us feel that those who make NCAA rules and policies do not give enough consideration to the protection of the participation rights of athletes. In its justifiable and understandable determination to force coaches to follow its rules, the NCAA has lost track of the fact that participation in sports by students is the primary reason for the existence of the NCAA, and so many innocent athletes are being punished along with the guilty ones.

The NCAA's major concern seems to be formulating rules to control those who cheat. Unfortunately, the NCAA practice of penalizing the institution for the infractions of sometimes only a few people in its athletic program too often results in the punishment of more innocent athletes than guilty ones. Meanwhile, the guilty coaches get their wrists slapped but seldom receive punishment that fits the severity of their crime. Moreover, student-athletes proved guilty will be given an

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

opportunity to appeal, but there is no avenue through which innocent student-athletes can appeal blanket penalties placed on them by the NCAA. To me this is a crime.

Bob Timmons
Track Coach
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kans.

Sir,

Many of the academic problems pointed out in John Underwood's fine article could be reduced by these rules changes:

1) Replace the "normal progress" rule with a requirement that any student must meet the academic degree requirements of a particular class before that year of athletic eligibility is used, *e.g.*, a student must qualify as a junior in a specific academic degree program before using the junior year of eligibility, etc.

2) Base the number of scholarships to be granted each year on the percentage of scholarship athletes graduating relative to the overall graduation rate for that university.

The question remains as to the desirability of the NCAA to place the correct emphasis on the students' education versus the financial rewards of an athletic program.

Carl C. Moore, Ph.D.
Professor of Management
University of South Alabama
Mobile, Ala.

Sir,

The only fault I can find with the article is that John Underwood neglected to point the finger at the real culprits in this catastrophic, the alumni. They are the ones who are demanding the winning teams and calling for the heads of losing coaches.

Bill Bandle
Jennings, Mo.

Sir,

Your proposals should be adopted by all institutions of higher education. And to further remove college football from its "farm system" position, there should be a return to one-plateau football, which could lead to more time spent on creative coaching and less time spent on creative recruiting.

Bruce Bell
Salt Lake City

Sir,

John Underwood's fine exposition posed many serious questions regarding the deception and abuse of athletes by many of our colleges and universities. But isn't an entire university compromised when intercollegiate sports have an impact on its administrative priorities and community focus? What business does a university have operating a sports-entertainment industry, much less farm teams for the NFL or NBA?

William R. Mason
Manhattan, Kans.

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